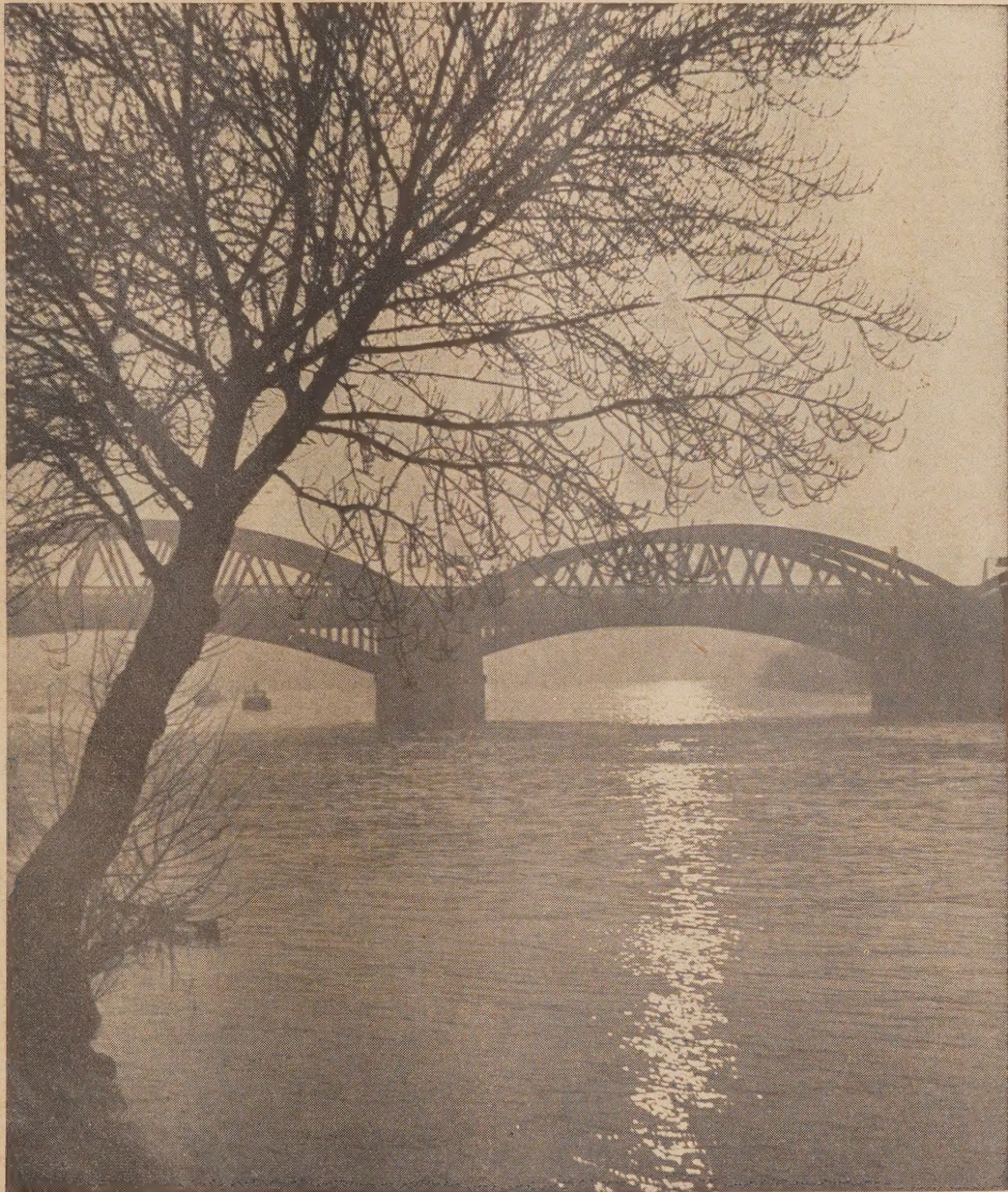


The Listener

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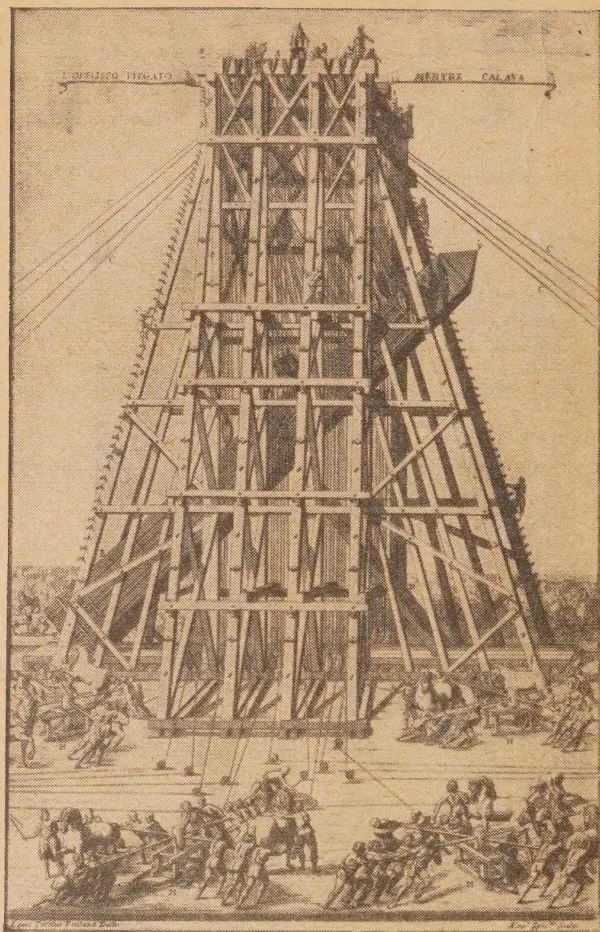


The Thames at Barnes Bridge in late autumn

J. Scheerboom

'Science and the Common Understanding': the first Reith Lecture

By J. Robert Oppenheimer



"Acqua alle corde!"

THE Obelisk in the Piazza di San Pietro in Rome was erected in 1586 with the help of 800 workmen and 140 horses. This detail from Carlo Fontana's engraving gives some idea of the splendid grandeur of the operation. It was a close thing, so the story goes. The architect had not allowed for the enormous strain on the ropes and their consequent stretching. But, though silence was imposed under pain of death, one of the workmen—a sailor from San Remo—shouted at the critical moment: "Acqua alle corde!" And the water on the ropes, tautening them, saved the day. These days the builder works with far more manageable materials. Some of the most versatile are made by the Building Boards Division of the Bowater Organisation. Made from compressed wood fibre, these boards are used, among a thousand other uses, as insulating materials in ceilings, as partitions in houses, as panelling in railway coaches or in ships . . . all over the world they are essential to the architect and builder of today.

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Fish-hooks

(AND FREIGHTERS)

Which earns more—a ton of steel for freighters or a ton of steel for fish-hooks? Fish-hooks, every time. All fish-hooks are made of steel. They are sold all over the world. And every ton sold to America earns 350,000 dollars.

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Note for anglers: A reassuring fact is that Izaak Walton was not only a Freeman of the Ironmongers' Company but gave his occupation on his marriage certificate as "ironmonger".

STEEL is at your service

The Listener

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The Reith Lectures—I

Newton: the Path of Light*

By J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER

SCIENCE has changed the conditions of man's life. It has changed its material conditions; by changing them it has altered our labour and our rest, our power, and the limits of that power, as men and as communities of men, the means and instruments as well as the substance of our learning, the terms and the form in which decisions of right and wrong come before us. It has altered the communities in which we live and cherish, learn and act. It has brought an acute and pervasive sense of change itself into our own life's span. The ideas of science have changed the way men think of themselves and of the world.

The description of these changes is not simple; it is rich in opportunity for error. As for the great material changes which science and practical art have made possible—machines, for instance, or power, the preservation of life, the urbanisation of populations, new instruments of war, new means of communication and information—these are but part of the materials for the analysis of political economy and the wisdom and the insight of history. These are strands in the tangled affairs of men, and their evaluation is no more likely to be final and exhaustive than in any other part of history.

As for the more direct effects of discovery in science on the way men think about things which are not themselves part of science, the historian of ideas has a similar problem. Noting what in actual fact men have said about what they thought, who it was that thought it, and why he thought it, one finds, as in all history, that the contingent and the unpredictable, the peculiar greatnesses and blindnesses of individual men play a determining part. One even finds the science of great scientists taken in the name of those scientists for views and attitudes wholly foreign and sometimes wholly repugnant to them. Both Einstein and Newton created syntheses and insight so compelling and

so grand that they induced in professional philosophers a great stir of not always convenient readjustment. Yet the belief in physical progress, the bright gaiety, and the relative indifference to religion characteristic of the enlightenment, were as foreign to Newton's character and pre-occupation as could be; this did not keep the men of the enlightenment from regarding Newton as their patron and prophet. The philosophers and popularisers who have mistaken relativity for the doctrine of relativism have construed Einstein's great works as reducing the objectivity, firmness, and consonance to law of the physical world, whereas it is clear that Einstein has seen in his theories of relativity only a further confirmation of Spinoza's view that it is man's highest function to know and to understand the objective world and its laws.

Often the very fact that the words of science are the same as those of our common life and tongue can be more misleading than enlightening, more frustrating to understanding than recognisably technical jargon. For the words of science—relativity, if you will, or atom, or mutation, or action—have been given a refinement, a precision, and in the end a wholly altered meaning.

Thus we may well be cautious if we enquire as to whether there are direct connections, and if so of what sort, between the truths that science uncovers and the way men think about things in general—their metaphysics—their ideas about what is real and what is primary; their epistemology—their understanding of what makes human knowledge; their ethics—their ways of thinking, talking, judging, and acting in human problems of right and wrong, of good and evil.

These relations, the relations between scientific findings and man's general views, are indeed deep, intimate, and subtle. If I did not believe that, I should hardly be addressing these lectures to an attempt to elucidate what there is new in atomic physics that is relevant, helpful,

* The first of six lectures on 'Science and the Common Understanding'

and inspiring for men to know; but the relations are not, I think, relations of logical necessity. This is because science itself is, if not an unmetaphysical, at least a non-metaphysical activity. It takes common sense for granted as well as most of what has gone before in the specialised sciences. And where it adds, alters, or upsets, it does so on the basis of an uncritical acceptance of a great deal else. Thus, to the irritation of many, the assertions of science tend to keep away from the use of words like 'real' and 'ultimate'. The special circumstances of the discovery of scientific truth are never very far from our minds when we expound it, and they act as a protecting sheath against their unlimited and universal acceptance. A few illustrations may make this clearer.

The Underlying Reality

We have discovered atoms. In many ways they act like the atoms of the atomists. They are the stuff of which matter is made; their constellation and motion account for much—in fact, for most of the ordinarily observable properties of matter. But neither they nor the smaller, less composite particles of which they are made are either permanent, unchanging, or unchangeable. They do not act like objects of fixed form and infinite hardness. Such findings may be persuasive in discouraging the view that the world is made of fixed, immutable, infinitely hard little spheres and other shapes; but such findings are not in the nature of things conclusive, for one may always hold that the true atoms, the immutable, hard atoms, have so far eluded physical discovery, but that they are nevertheless there, and only when they are found will physics be dealing with the ultimate reality. Beyond that, one can hold that, although they may never be found by physical experiment, they are the underlying reality in terms of which all else, including the world of physics, is to be understood.

Or, again, we may have discovered that as the nervous impulses pass from the retina of the eye toward the brain itself their geometric disposition resembles less and less that of the object seen. This may complicate or qualify the view that the idea is a geometric replica of the object of vision. It cannot and need not wholly exorcise it.

The scientist may be aware that, whatever his findings, and indeed whatever his field of study, his search for truth is based on communication with other people, on agreement as to results of observation and experiment, and on talking in a common tongue about the instruments and apparatus and objects and procedures which he and others use. He may be aware of the fact that he has learned almost everything he knows from the books and the deeds and talk of other people; and, in so far as these experiences are vivid to him and he is a thoughtful man, he may be hesitant to think that only his own consciousness is real and all else illusion. But that view, too, is not by logic exorcised; from time to time it may rule his spirit.

Although any science gives countless examples of the interrelation of general law and changing phenomena, and although the progress of science has much to do with the enrichment of these relations, knowledge of science and practice of it and interest in it neither compel nor deny the belief that the changing phenomena of the actual world are illusion, that only the unchanging and permanent ideas are real.

If, in the atomic world, we have learned—as we have learned—that events are not causally determined by a strict, efficient, or formal cause; if we have learned to live with this and yet to recognise that for all of the common experience with ordinary bodies and ordinary happenings this atomic lack of causality is of no consequence and no moment, neither the one finding nor the other ensures that men when they think of the world at large are bound to a causal or a non-causal way of thinking.

These many examples show that there can indeed be conflict between the findings of science and what a philosopher or a school of philosophy has said in great particular about some part of experience now accessible to science. But they also show that, if there are relationships between what the sciences reveal about the world and how men think about those parts of it either not yet or never to be explored by science, these are not relationships of logical necessity; they are not relationships which are absolute and compelling, and they are not of such a character that the unity and coherence of an intellectual community can be based wholly upon it.

But if these examples indicate, as we should indeed expect from the nature and conditions of scientific inquiry, that what science finds does not and cannot uniquely determine what men think of as real and as important, they must show as well that there is a kind of relevance—a relevance which will appear different to different men and which will be responsive to many influences outside the work of science. This

relevance is a kind of analogy, often of great depth and scope, in which views which have been created or substantiated in some scientific enterprise are similar to those which might be held with regard to metaphysical, epistemological, political, or ethical problems. The success of a critical and sceptical approach in science may encourage a sceptical approach in politics or in ethics; the discovery of an immensely successful theory of great scope may encourage the quest for a simplified view of human institutions. The example of rapid progress in understanding may lead men to conclude that the root of evil is ignorance and that ignorance can be ended.

All these things have happened and all surely will happen again. This means that, if we are to take heart from any beneficent influence that science may have for the common understanding, we need to do so both with modesty and with a full awareness that these relationships are not inevitably and inexorably for man's good.

It is my thesis that generally the new things we have learned in science, and specifically what we have learned in atomic physics, do provide us with valid and relevant and greatly needed analogies to human problems lying outside the present domain of science or its present borderlands. Before I talk of what is new I shall need to sketch, with perhaps an exaggerated simplicity and contrast, the state of knowledge and belief to which these correctives may apply. In doing this, we may have in mind that the general notions about human understanding and community which are illustrated by discoveries in atomic physics are not in the nature of things wholly unfamiliar, wholly unheard of or new. Even in our own culture they have a history, and in Buddhist and Hindu thought a more considerable and central place. What we shall find is an exemplification, an encouragement, and a refinement of old wisdom. We shall not need to debate whether, so altered, it is old or new.

There are, then, two sketches that I would like to draw of the background for the altered experience of this century. One is the picture of the physical world that began to take shape in the years between Descartes' birth and Newton's death, that persisted through the eighteenth century, and with immense enrichments and extensions still was the basic picture at the beginning of our own.

The second sketch has to do with the methods, the hopes, the programme, and the style which seventeenth- and eighteenth-century science induced in men of learning and in men of affairs, with some of the special traits of that period of enlightenment which we recognise today as so deep in our tradition, as both so necessary to us and so inadequate.

Physical World as Matter in Motion

More than one great revolution had ended and had been almost forgotten as the seventeenth century drew its picture of the physical world. A centuries-long struggle to decide whether it were rest or uniform motion that was the normal state of an undisturbed body no longer troubled men's minds: the great clarity, so foreign to everyday experience, that motion, as long as it was uniform, needed no cause and no explaining was Newton's first law. The less deep but far more turbulent Copernican revolution was history: the earth revolved about the sun. The physical world was matter in motion: the motion was to be understood in terms of the impetus or momentum of the bodies which would change only for cause, and of the force that was acting upon it to cause that change. This force was immediate and proximate. It produced a tendency for the impetus to change, and every course could be analysed in terms of the forces deviating bodies from their uniform motions. The physical world was a world of differential law, a world connecting forces and motions at one point and at one instant with those at an infinitely near point in space and point of time; so that the whole course of the physical world could be broken down into finer and finer instants, and in each the cause of change assigned by a knowledge of forces.

Of these forces themselves the greatest in cosmic affairs—that which governed the planets in the heavens and the fall of projectiles on earth—had been found by Newton in the general law of gravity. Was this, too, something that spread from place to place, that was affected only instant by instant, point by point; or was it a property given as a whole, an interaction somehow ordained to exist between bodies remote from one another? Newton was never to answer this question; but he, and even more than he, Huygens, studying the propagation of light, were laying the foundations for a definite view—a view in which the void of the atomists would lose much of its emptiness and take on properties from

(continued on page 862)

What the Colombo Plan Has Achieved

By GEOFFREY WILSON

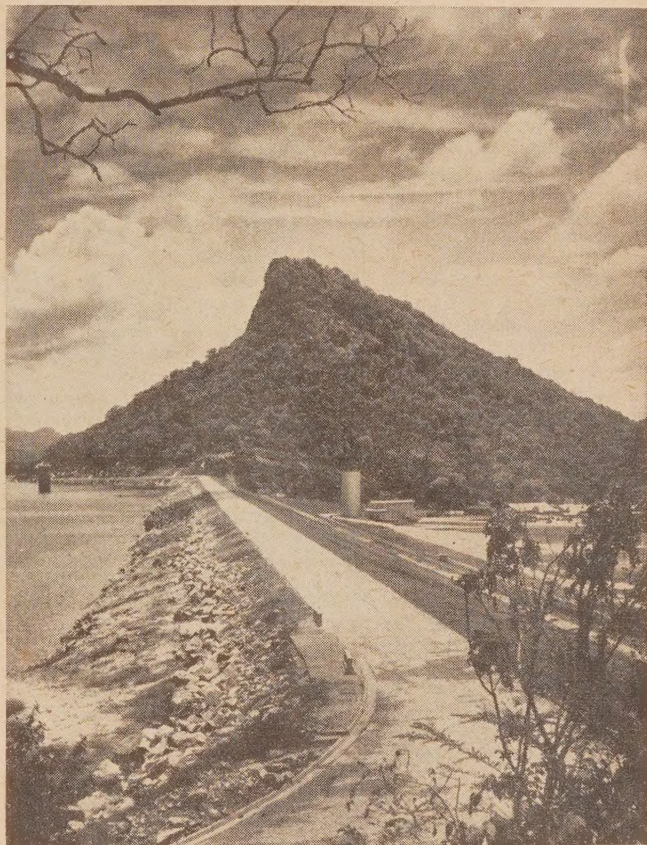
THIS country has long associations with the great stretch of land that lies between Karachi and Hong-Kong. First, we went there as traders and missionaries. Then we fought our European rivals on the shores of the Indian Ocean as well as in Europe. For 100 years most of the area was ruled from Westminster and part of it is still painted red on the map. Then with the end of the second world war a new era opened, and most of the area became independent. But long-standing association had left its mark. The relationship of ruler and ruled gave way to a relationship of equality, and co-operation took the place of domination. It was the old association combined with the new relationship, and the growing interest in the area of the older members of the Commonwealth, which brought the Colombo Plan into existence. I have just come back from two years in South Asia where I was directing the technical co-operation side of this Plan and I want to tell you something about it. You will be able to find out a good deal more in about three weeks' time when the report is published here of a Colombo Plan meeting in Delhi which has just finished.

The Colombo Plan started off in 1950 as a Commonwealth affair—Pakistan, India, Ceylon, and the British territories around Singapore from South Asia; the United Kingdom which had strong ties, both sentimental and material, with the whole area; Australia and New Zealand which lie on its fringe; and Canada whose interests in all parts of the world have increased so rapidly in recent years. They have since been joined by Burma and Indonesia, and most of the other non-Commonwealth countries of the area. They all had a good deal to gain. The Asian countries wanted to provide a better and more secure livelihood for their people, whose numbers are increasing very rapidly, and it was to everybody's interest that more food should be produced in the world and that stability should be maintained in an area that contains about a quarter of the world's population.

So they decided to work out a six-year plan of action. The object was, first, to prevent any further fall in living standards, and, secondly, to lay the foundations for more rapid development in the future. That meant, in the first place, that more food had to be grown, partly by bringing more land under cultivation and partly by producing more from land that was already cultivated. In Asia, bringing new land under

cultivation generally means providing water, which sometimes involves building gigantic dams and reservoirs and cutting hundreds of miles of irrigation canals. There are a score of such projects in South Asia. They take time to carry out, but by 1957 they will bring several million acres of new land into production. In other cases it means clearing jungle or sinking wells.

But development covers a much wider field than this. New indus-



The Gal Oya dam, part of a ten-year scheme begun by the Government of Ceylon to settle people on the land. Left: repairing a railway bridge in Malaya



tries are being started to produce such things as textiles, iron and steel, paper, vegetable oils, locomotives, and chemicals. Roads and railways, harbours and power stations, schools, hospitals, and houses have to be provided. Each country has to decide for itself how much it can afford for these things. It has to draw up its own schemes and is itself responsible for carrying them out. The Colombo Plan is not something which is imposed upon any country from outside. It is in essence a putting together of the individual plans of each country. The main burden falls on them and they provide most of the money and man-power that are needed. But they can get a good deal of help of various kinds both from the other member countries and from elsewhere.

This business of opening up new land is a good example of how the Plan works, and we can take a particular irrigation scheme as an illustration. On the east coast of Ceylon there is a remote stretch of country covered with jungle and inhabited by elephant and other wild animals and a few people. The river which runs through it is a mere trickle for most of the year. For a few weeks when the rains come it is

a torrent which floods the valley and does a great deal of damage. It is a nuisance when there is water in it and useless when there is not. These rivers are typical of 'monsoon Asia'.

There was a good site for a reservoir, where much of the flood water could be collected as it came out of the hills, and released by degrees throughout the year for irrigation purposes. When Ceylon became independent in 1948 her Government at once decided to go ahead with the Gal Oya project. It was part of Ceylon's development programme and as such finds a place in the Colombo Plan. The contract for building the headworks was given to a foreign contractor and paid for by the Ceylon Government, and was completed eighteen months ago. A special corporation, the Gal Oya Development Board, was set up and financed by the Government to dig the canals, clear the jungle, prepare the land for agriculture, build the houses, and settle the new colonies. All this will take about ten years and when the scheme is completed about 250,000 people will have been settled on 250,000 acres of land.

The responsibility for planning and execution falls on the Ceylon Government and they will have to find nearly all the money and labour. But a good deal of vital help is coming from outside. The Canadian Government, as part of its contribution to the Colombo Plan, is providing the transmission system. The Australian Government is providing a number of tractors. The United Nations Food and Agriculture Organisation has provided an absolutely first-rate mechanical engineer to take charge of the motor transport and of the heavy earth-moving equipment on which the whole progress of the scheme depends. An irrigation engineer and other technicians, some of them from this country, have been provided under the Colombo Plan Technical Co-operation Scheme.

There are any number of similar cases in South Asia. The government of the country concerned draws up the plans and does most of the work. But assistance in the form of equipment and skilled technical men is available from outside. Even without this help, the schemes would no doubt go ahead, but they would be more difficult and would take longer. And time is important.

The outside help comes from several different sources. The United States Government and the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development are the largest contributors of money. The United Nations and the Specialised Agencies, such as the Food and Agriculture Organisation and the World Health Organisation, provide a good many of the skilled men. Then there are the things which have a specifically Colombo Plan label round their necks—£9,000,000 a year from Canada, for instance, £5,000,000 a year from Australia, and £1,000,000 a year from New Zealand. From all these sources £360,000,000 in loans and grants has flowed into South Asia during the past three years.

The only piece of machinery which has been set up under the Colombo Plan is the Council for Technical Co-operation, which is assisted by a small Bureau of which I was in charge until a few weeks ago. It was clear from the beginning that many of the plans were in danger of being held up because of the shortage of skilled men to carry them out. The original member countries therefore undertook to provide 'technical assistance' to South Asia to the value of £8,000,000. Technical assistance took three forms: first, the provision of skilled technical men like the people at Gal Oya, and, secondly, sending people overseas for training, either to other parts of Asia or to Europe or Australasia or Canada. The third form—and to my mind the most valuable—is assistance in building up training institutions in Asia itself. We in this country take very much for granted the existence of training establishments of every kind—primary and secondary schools, universities, technical colleges, trade schools, polytechnics, training colleges for

teachers and nurses, evening institutes, apprenticeship systems, and so on. If they did not exist we would be in a mess. But they scarcely exist at all in Asia, apart from some primary and secondary schools and universities. Hitherto, there has not been much need for them. But now they are desperately needed so as to provide recruits for the new industries and power projects and construction works. Foreign experts and foreign training can fill some of the gaps at the top. But the skilled men in the intermediate and lower grades can be produced only in their own countries.

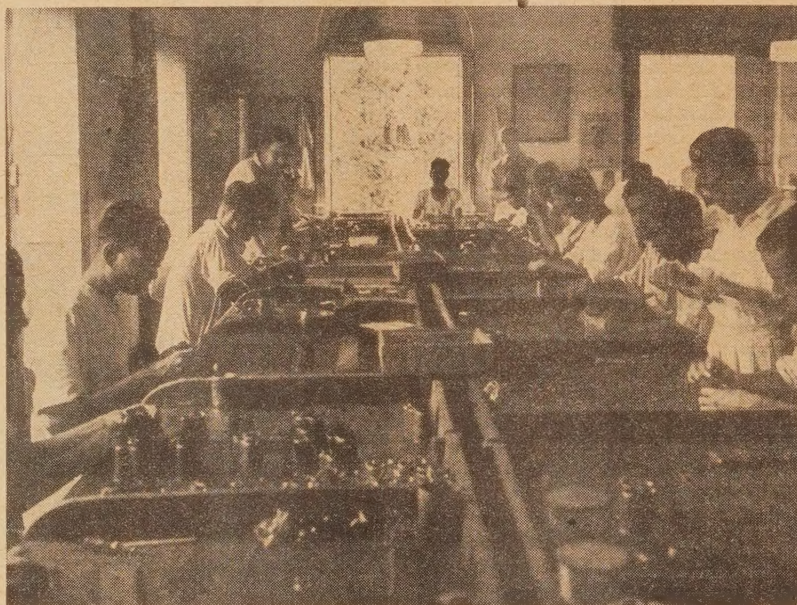
The Colombo Plan Technical Co-operation Scheme is moving increasingly into this field. Australia and this country are providing equipment for handicraft departments to be attached to fifty secondary schools in Ceylon where the teaching up to now has been purely academic. New Zealand is providing a farming research institute and Canada a polytechnic. Australia, New Zealand, and Canada are providing equipment and people to start up an experimental livestock farm in Pakistan, and this country is providing equipment for eight or nine technical high schools and for a textile training institute. In India we

have provided machine tools for an institute of technology, together with a foreman to maintain them and demonstrate their use. Similar schemes are under consideration for nearly all the Colombo countries, and they are of immense significance. They will hasten the day when technical assistance is no longer needed and will remain in existence long after it is finished.

The impression is sometimes given that without foreign assistance very little would be happening. This is nonsense and it can be dangerous nonsense. The impetus and the driving force come from the Asian countries themselves. So does the planning and by far the greater part of the resources needed to carry out the plans. We are co-operating in what is already a going concern, and

without our co-operation it would still go, though its progress would be slower and more difficult. This co-operative effort has also helped to draw the Asian countries themselves closer together. They are providing aid to each other as well, and trainees have gone to India in considerable numbers, as well as to Pakistan, Ceylon, and Malaya. Most of the countries are trying to tackle much the same kind of problem, and to an increasing extent they are finding out what their neighbours are up to and adapting anything useful to their own circumstances.

You will have noticed that I have said scarcely anything about the organisation and machinery of the Colombo Plan. The reason is that scarcely any machinery exists. There is the Council and Bureau for Technical Co-operation to look after that side of affairs; and a small information unit will be set up soon. Then there is a body which goes by the rather uninformative name of the Consultative Committee, which looks after the Plan as a whole. It meets once a year to examine the progress achieved, the problems encountered, and the tasks which lie ahead. This is the body whose report will be published next month. But it has no permanent secretariat, and there perhaps lies the clue to what this Plan really is. Executive responsibility rests not at the centre but with each country. Each country retains complete control over its own affairs, but each benefits from the wisdom and experience, and to some extent from the resources, of the others. It is a new and hopeful form of international co-operation and it can play a big part in south Asia.—*Home Service*



Training skilled workers: students at the University College of Science, Calcutta

The Hibbert Centenary Lecture by the Rt. Hon. Viscount Samuel entitled 'A Century's Changes of Outlook' is published by the Cambridge University Press, price 2s. 6d.

A Threat to Germany's Free Press

By TERENCE PRITTIE

NO ONE in the world outside Germany was prepared for the so-called Ministry of Information crisis which shook the Federal Republic at the end of September. Very few people in Germany, for that matter, knew of the plans which members of the Federal Chancellery and the Ministry of the Interior had been hatching between them—plans which had been completed by the third week in September and which were actually laid before Dr. Adenauer in the form of a blue-print on September 24. The crisis was one of short duration. On September 25 Dr. Adenauer learned of the reactions of the outside world to the 'Ministry of Information Plan'. That evening he sent the Chancellery official and his blue-print back to Bonn from the Black Forest hotel where he was holidaying. That night he issued a short statement to the press to the effect that he 'had never been in favour of creating a Ministry of Information'. The plot—for it really was a plot—against the freedom of the press and radio had failed.

The Ministry of Information Plan

What were the essential details of the Ministry of Information plan and how did it ever come to be drawn up? These are questions which require answering, for the story behind the plan is in great part the story of the permanent threat to a free press which must exist in any young democracy which has been implanted in a hurry and—in this case—by foreign conquerors.

The first operative feature of the plan was that an actual Ministry was to be set up which would co-ordinate, and control, all organs of information. It was inevitable that some people at once compared this planned Ministry with the Propaganda Ministry of Dr. Josef Goebbels. Inevitable, but not quite fair, for the men behind the new plan were nominally democrats and, what is more, they wanted to be democrats. They believed that the new Ministry would actually help to safeguard democracy. They did not pause to consider that such a Ministry did not exist in any democratic country in the world, and that even Yugoslavia had abolished its own a few months earlier.

The second feature of the plan was its underlying purpose of influencing opinion abroad in favour of a particular Government, that of Dr. Adenauer. This was to be done by exercising absolute control of all broadcasts to foreign countries, by organising a 'Government Press Summary' which would be quoted—without comment—by German newspapers and radio networks, by formulating and distributing all so-called 'All-German propaganda'. Not only foreign countries but the Germans of the Soviet zone and the Saar were to be exclusively indoctrinated with the 'Adenauer thesis' of German reunification through European strength and solidarity—a good thesis, no doubt, but one which takes no account of Opposition views and theories.

In the third place, the new Ministry would, as a natural consequence of its functions, take in charge the draft radio and press laws which are at present awaiting revision but which have by no means been consigned to a dusty, back-room shelf. Obviously these draft laws could have been weighted in favour of the Government in power. In any case they contain peculiar and undesirable clauses. The creation of the new Ministry would have ensured that these laws would have been pushed through.

The Ministry of Information plan had plenty of other strange features. It was to have contained a department which would have dealt with all propaganda connected with the German armed forces which are to be part of the European army; it was to censor films and, eventually, control television: it was to monopolise public relations. It was to have been a real power in the land, and a future role forecast for it was the control of all political intelligence. Many Germans believed that it would become an 'Überministerium'—in fact, a sort of 'super-ministry' which would gradually extend its influence, tentacle-wise, over the other, orthodox offices of state.

How did this Ministry of Information plan come to be drawn up? In a superficial sense it was the work of a number of Chancellery officials and of sympathetic members of the Ministry of the Interior.

These people produced a curious 'moral' process of reasoning to back up their actions. Adenauer, they argued, had been dubbed the 'European statesman of the year' by an American magazine. His policies earned the approval and admiration of the bulk of the western world. He was so many 'good things' rolled into one, a genuine European, a democrat, a statesman of rare finesse, an epic German. His ideas, in fact, had to be given maximum publicity. Conversely, the views of his muddled, wrong-minded political opponents should preferably not be heard at all—particularly by an outside world which had to be convinced of Germanic integrity and maturing common sense.

This process of reasoning was fairly typical of the Germanic trait of applying abstract logic in an empirical way, of trying to define the give and take of democratic politics in terms of algebraical formulae. When the Western Powers were engaged in their vaunted 're-education' of the German people it was a common thing for a German to explain that he had to be told what to believe and what to do, in order to be a democratic citizen. The sponsors of the Ministry of Information plan were only aware that the job of schoolmarm had been transferred from allied into German hands. And so, it was a German duty to organise thought in the interests of democracy.

The names of these sponsors of German 'self-education' are comparatively unimportant. One was Dr. Otto Lenz, a man of great personal ambition, who intended to be the first Minister of Information. Dr. Lenz was never a nazi and anything which he has in common with totalitarianism is an unfortunate by-product of German history. Like Lord Strafford, he wanted to serve his master. Like Lord Strafford he produced plans which foundered—but on foreign rather than popular resistance. Like Lord Strafford, he has been discarded—but with a friendly letter of thanks for his huge services to the Christian Democratic cause during the election campaign, rather than with a royal permit to be beheaded. Lenz was only a Strafford in the making and, anyway, Dr. Adenauer was far more clever politically and far less brittle morally than Charles I of England.

Adjutant to Dr. Lenz was a man with a more unfortunate name and past, Herr Hans Globke once upon a time drafted the official commentary on the Nuremberg racial decrees under the nazis. As a master of paragraphs and punctuation, he was selected to draw up the blue-print of the Ministry of Information Plan. It was Herr Globke who was closeted with Dr. Adenauer on September 24. It was Herr Globke who next day was speeded on his way back to the Federal capital. Not for the first time, Herr Globke's presence in the Federal Chancellery—and undoubted efficiency as a drafter of documents—has been a source of embarrassment to the German Government. The names of Lenz and Globke will never bulk large in history and it is, in any case, necessary to look somewhat farther for the true sources of the plan which might have ended freedom of the press in Germany—in the words of Eliot's 'The Hollow Men', 'not with a bang but a whimper'.

Acute Struggle for Existence

The difficulties of the German press are perfectly well known. The tradition of a free press was broken—and violently broken—in 1933. When it was picked up again after the war the new, democratic German press opened up under grave disadvantages. Papers had no plant, no premises, no trained staffs. Shortage of paper meant that they printed only two or three days a week. They developed infinitely slowly and then, four years ago, allied licensing of the German press ended. A number of old newspapers began to reappear, backed by capital resources which dated back to nazi days or to those of the Weimar Republic. There was little chance at any time of a truly 'national press' developing, for German newspapers are essentially locally based and they can never hope to build up to really big circulations. The hall-mark of the present-day German newspaper is its acute struggle for existence.

Given this difficult situation in a German press which is tolerably aware of its responsibilities for informing public opinion and re-creating a belief in the value of freedom of opinion, what factors have recently

appeared which may either retard or facilitate its development? There are at least four negative factors, each of which contributed to the Ministry of Information crisis and each of which has a bearing on the future of freedom of opinion in Germany.

The first is the growing readiness of big-business circles to put up money for propaganda purposes. Here are a few examples. Prior to the Federal election a big-business 'ring' was formed with the name of *Die Waage*, 'the Scales'. This ring bought up space in newspapers in order to print so-called 'advertisements' which were, in effect, favourable commentaries on the economic policies of the Adenauer Government. *Die Waage* subsidised 452 newspapers to print a series of ten such advertisements and some of the major newspapers—with circulations of over 100,000—were paid up to £10,000. Working parallel to *Die Waage* was the 'Association for Trade-marked articles' which has also been buying space in newspapers and assisting groups of business men who are determined to keep a Socialist, 'Marxist' Government out of power. This and similar associations have helped finance a paper in Hamburg, the *Hanseat*, which distributes 600,000 copies free and which has helped oust the Social Democrats from the administration of the city. It has launched, with additional help, the *Brunswick News*—a paper designed to put the *Braunschweiger Zeitung* out of business. In this aim it has failed, but the circulation of the Social Democratic *Braunschweiger Zeitung* has dropped by about 10,000 and its new rival—by distributing copies free—has amassed a 20,000 circulation in Brunswick town.

The Return of Dr. Klitsch

German big-business circles, in the past, saw in the press only a lever which they could use to increase their own influence and develop the political power with which they hoped to augment their material wealth. The present-day German press is not enriched by the re-appearance of a man like Dr. Klitsch, a member of the old, violently nationalistic press who has been negotiating for the purchase of the *Berlin Abend und Tagesspiegel*. It has not been enriched by the return of members of the 'Hugenberg Press' who served on the editorial staffs of the newspapers of the 1940-44 German occupation in Paris and Brussels. It has not been improved by the transfer of the British financed *Die Welt* to German hands or by the closing down of the American administered *Neue Zeitung*. The disappearance of allied-run newspapers has already been interpreted in some quarters as a hint that a tough, German Press Law will be passed in the very near future.

Today, German big business would probably support press control unreservedly. The German Government should, presumably, think differently. But does it? The draft Press Law is still awaiting revision and some of its provisions deserve mention. It would fine editors and journalists up to £8,500 for 'infringement of ethical standards' or imprison them for anything up to two years. It would disqualify these people for five years or, in extreme cases, for life. It would ban newspapers for six months for seditious activities, or if necessary it would ban them for ever. It would impose on editorial staffs a statutory obligation to check and recheck news until absolute authenticity had been established. It would, in fact, make the existence of any sort of free and progressive press utterly impossible. This is the draft Press Law which might easily have been passed through parliament.

The draft Press Law is, admittedly, unpopular among the German press itself and among many German parliamentarians. When its provisions were published most German newspapers commented adversely and some even asked, pertinently, why any sort of Press Law at all were required. It is not so easy for free opinion to focus on the underground activities of government officials who want to carry out some 'purge' of their own in organs of opinion. These activities have, at the moment, two definite objectives—the purging of the independent German 'D.P.A.' news agency and of the equally independent 'North-west German Radio Network'.

British officialdom in Germany—generally so reticent—is proud, and justly so, of having helped create the best newspaper (*Die Welt*), best news agency and best radio network in the country. D.P.A. and the North-west German Radio are its children and they are still controlled by non-party boards who have strictly observed the rule of political neutrality on which their existence depends. This has not been good enough for the German Government. Its officials have continually attacked Dr. Adolf Grimme, director of the North-west German Radio, and Herr Fritz Saenger, head of D.P.A. They have not accused them of inefficiency and they must know that any suggestion that these men were not politically neutral, in their jobs, would be absurd. During the

election campaign the North-west German Radio allocated 'hours on the air' strictly in accordance with the relative strengths of political parties. D.P.A. kept its reports of political meetings and arguments rigidly neutral.

But Dr. Grimme and Herr Saenger have this in common—they are both Social Democrats by personal preference. Therefore it is intended that they should be ousted. Even after the Ministry of Information crisis they were immediate targets of suspicion and Herr Saenger was interrogated by government officials without any grounds whatever. The story is that the fellow with an opinion of his own is a potential enemy. It is a theory which, if applied by the now overwhelmingly powerful Adenauer government, could seriously damage German democracy.

A fourth factor which can militate against the continuing functioning of a free press in Germany is the psychological reaction against anything which has at all to do with the allied occupation as such. This is one reason why Saenger and Grimme are unpopular: they were installed in office under British aegis. This is why there is a distinct feeling against editors who were 'licensed', along with their papers, by allied authorities and against the post-war Newspapers Proprietary Association. This is why there is a whispering campaign against all those *émigrés* who spent most of the war in France and Britain—they were mainly Social Democrats—and who can now, during this post-war German renaissance, be dubbed 'non-German'. This feeling has been partly responsible for grumblings against the democratic press brought into existence by the occupying powers.

The German press—like any press, for that matter—is easy to criticise. It has too little appreciation of news for news sake: it is not productive of individual ideas: it is too dependent on agencies: it minimises the task of the reporter and places far too much responsibility in the hands of so-called editors who sit in their own offices and never co-ordinate their thoughts in a properly run news room: it suffers from a lack of imagination due to a traditionally unreceptive public. Yet the German press has made good progress and its work during the recent election campaign was remarkably free from party political bitterness and bias. It needs to have full freedom to 'shake down' and develop still further, and its development can make all the difference to a German public which can evolve its own ideas or relapse into easy acceptance of orders and instructions.

Will the German press be accorded this freedom of development? At the moment there are all too many contrary indications. Dr. Lenz has not dropped his original plan, only modified it. Even at the beginning of October he was still considering the creation of an 'information office' which could be the embryo for the future control of the press. On October 14 he spoke on the Bavarian radio and defended his intentions. He said then that it was a purely secondary matter whether or not a Ministry of Information were created. People like Dr. Lenz refuse to learn and their habits of mind include a German instinct against ever letting something drop, and be forgotten.

Dr. Adenauer and Freedom of Opinion

'I have no doubt', said an American professor who recently visited Germany in order to enquire into the workings of the press, 'that the Federal German Government would shackle the press if it believed it could get away with it'. Another American expert wrote: 'Let us be prepared for the not very distant day when nothing short of vigorous representation at the highest diplomatic levels can keep Germany from throttling the press'. These are view-points based on German mass inability to face facts, on the understandable slowness of the growth of free thinking in Germany, on the maddening habit of the individual German of saying 'But why ask me? I'm just a little man'. These are easily defensible view points, and an eye must be kept in the future—not so much on the antics of a temporarily retired Dr. Lenz or a grotesque Herr Globke, but on the head of a German state whose Achilles' heel may be an uncertainty as to what freedom of opinion really means.—*Third Programme*

'The W.E.A. and Adult Education' was the subject of a lecture delivered by Professor R. H. Tawney in May at the invitation of the Council for Extra-Mural Studies of the University of London on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the Workers' Educational Association. The lecture has now been published by the Athlone Press, price 2s. 6d. Professor Tawney concludes by saying: 'If it be asked how the Association has grown, the answer must be, I think, less by organised propaganda, though that has played its part, than through the influence of individuals conscious of the benefits which they have derived from its work and anxious that their friends and fellow-workers should share them'.

The Key Question at Bermuda

By WILLIAM CLARK

THE meeting at Bermuda will be the most important western gathering since the end of the war. Never, since the Quebec meetings of 1944, have the Prime Minister and the President met together with their Foreign Secretaries, and this December the French Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary will also be present. It is a powerful high-level meeting; what is it all about?

At first sight it seems to be something of an anti-climax to have a Big Three meeting instead of a Big Four meeting. To discuss the future of the world without Russia means that the discussion will be about the world divided up as it is. The Bermuda meeting can make plans only on the assumption that the struggle between the Soviet world and ourselves will continue in some form or other. The object of Big Four talks—with Russia present—has always been to end or to moderate that struggle. For that reason, getting talks with Russia remains one of the stated objectives of British foreign policy. As Sir Winston Churchill said in the Commons this week, the Bermuda Conference will discuss methods and occasions of getting on to talking terms with the Russians, but the matter is not in our hands, it is in Russia's hands. At present, the only terms they will consider for talks on the future of Europe, are that we should break up the North Atlantic alliance. Nothing in Mr. Molotov's press conference last Friday altered that uncompromising position. The most the Bermuda meeting can do is to make it clear that the door is left open for talks whenever Russia wishes to negotiate.

Arms and Words

It would hardly be worth while bringing six of the busiest men in the world together to decide just that. In fact the Big Three meeting in December is not aimed primarily at getting a Big Four meeting—as it was when originally planned in the summer. As Sir Winston said, the object now must be to strengthen our forces and our resolve. Strengthening our resolve must mean considering what we in the west are going to do during the long months ahead when there are no talks and no settlement with Russia. The first thing the statesmen will have to decide is what is the form of the struggle with the communist world at this moment. It is no good fitting yourself out with pads and a bat to play football, or with skates to do ballroom dancing. It is no good piling up arms if the struggle is going to be fought with words, nor is it wise to rely on a good supply of words if your enemy has a machine gun. If it is true, as I believe, that the period of swift Russian political expansion is over for some time, and some sort of a cold truce has succeeded the cold war, then the problem at Bermuda is to decide what are the military requirements to hold this position for a long time, while we try politically to get on to talking terms with Russia. It certainly seems likely that the tremendously fast build-up of strength in the west, which has taken place in the past three years, is ended. Military requirements will be scrutinised with great care now to see whether they are useful as part of the long haul, part of a five-year plan for maintaining our strength.

The existence of a cold truce instead of a cold war has another effect; it weakens our western unity. As long as we were all under the immediate threat of communist expansion, as we were from the day the communists took over Czechoslovakia in 1948 till the armistice in the Korean war, it was relatively easy to stay united; a common threat does wonders for alliances. Now that the threat seems less immediate, the west may wish to indulge in the luxury of quarrels again. The recent squabble over Trieste is one minor sign. The major source of trouble is the rivalry of France and Germany, which shows every sign of breaking out again. Inevitably, therefore, the Bermuda Conference—at which France will be represented—must do what it can to end the quarrel. But it cannot do much; it can only try to make it more likely that the French parliament will accept the treaty setting up the European army.

In a way the problems of the western world all come back to the problems of France, so it is worth while getting clear in our minds what the problems are and why. Though it was a French Government which proposed the European army in which the French and German armies, as well as those of the Low Countries and Italy, would be merged in

one, the French are now proving the most reluctant to put it into force. What France fears is that, despite all precautions, western Germany will be strong enough to dominate the European army. It is as simple as that. It is for that reason that there has been such pressure on Britain to join the scheme in some way; so that our troops and our power might serve as a balance to Germany's. Our Government has made it clear that while we will not be members, we will be very close associates. One way in which Britain may still help the French to accept the European army is by making clear, perhaps at Bermuda, how close that association will be; will we, for instance, guarantee to keep troops on the Continent linked to the European army, or will we take part in the staff planning of the European defence forces?

The Drain of Indo-China

But the French weakness in the face of Germany cannot really be remedied by us in Britain. Fundamentally, the weakness of France is not a matter of national character, or not paying taxes: the simple fact is that the French army is being drained of its best men, and the French treasury of its money, by the war in Indo-China. It is a war as distant as the Malayan campaign, but far more costly and on a far bigger scale. France will never be economically stable or militarily strong until somehow that war is ended. But if it ended in the surrender of French Indo-China to the communist forces, that would be ruinous for French morale and disastrous for the safety of all of south-east Asia from Siam through Burma and Pakistan to India. From our point of view, it could double the strength of the Malayan guerrillas over-night. As Mr. Malcolm MacDonald has said, Indo-China is the gateway to the rest of southern Asia. Defeat, then, would be disastrous; but victory seems as impossible as it was in Korea. Can we hope for an armistice?

That, I believe, brings up the key question to be considered at Bermuda. Can there be a general pacification of the Far East? After all the wrangles at Panmunjom this must seem unlikely, yet the news has become more hopeful, and it does appear that in fact the elements of a bargain do exist. China wants to be recognised as a member of the United Nations, and she wants to trade with the west. As long as there is no settlement in the Far East she will be denied both. Is it possible that a general Far Eastern settlement could be negotiated which accepted for the time being a divided Korea, a divided Indo-China, and a mainland China divided from Formosa, but in which war was followed by a truce, in which both sides recognised the existence of the facts of the situation? That would mean that America recognised the Peking Government, but it would also mean that the Peking Government agreed to cease its attempt to overthrow established governments.

In the Far East, as in Europe, there has been a certain lessening of tension. The change is for the good, but the evil of five years cannot be undone in five minutes or five months. Peace after the cold war is not round the corner, but it may be just coming into sight at the end of a long road.—*Home Service*

Dylan Thomas

His large, bright eyes have closed
Their lids on the haunts of heron
And the home of the imaged gem—
On the fiery inward furnace
That was too much for them. . . .

Bewildered, and bewildering,
Afflatus flung was he
Across life's maddening sea. . . .
Now robbed of all his promise
To give, ere he passed by,
Less problem piece than poem,
Less cloudscape than clear sky.

HUW MENAI

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage) £1 sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents.

Science and Life

THE Reith Lectures, first given in 1948 by Bertrand Russell, have become an annual event in British broadcasting. They consist of a series of broadcast talks on a theme of contemporary importance and interest, and are named after the B.B.C.'s first Director-General. This year they are being given for the first time by an American—Professor J. Robert Oppenheimer, Director of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton. Professor Oppenheimer is a physicist and he has chosen as his subject 'Science and the Common Understanding'. His first lecture appears in our columns this week.

There could hardly be a subject of greater importance or interest to thoughtful people today than science and the common understanding. For, as Professor Oppenheimer observes at the outset, science has changed the conditions of our life. Furthermore, 'the ideas of science have changed the way men think of themselves and of the world'. For the young who never knew what the world was like even as recently as the beginning of this century before the days of aeroplanes and television, to say nothing of guided missiles and atomic explosions, these words may not appear so meaningful as they do to an older generation whose mechanism of adjustment is not as smooth-running as it used to be and who therefore tend to be more conscious of the problems that science sets than of the opportunities it offers. But again, as Professor Oppenheimer points out, the contingent and the unpredictable, the peculiar greatness and blindnesses of individual men, play a determining part in our affairs, and so we do well to tread cautiously when we enquire into the connections between the truths that science uncovers and the way men think about things in general—about questions of right and wrong and good and evil. Moreover, knowledge and practice of science and interest in it neither compel nor deny the belief that the changing phenomena of the actual world are illusion, that only the unchanging and permanent ideas are real. Thus 'if we are to take heart from any beneficent influence that science may have for the common understanding, we need to do so both with modesty and with a full awareness that these relationships'—the relationships between what the sciences reveal about the world and how men think about those parts of it either not yet or never to be explored by science—'are not inevitably and inexorably for man's good'.

If one applauds this approach to the subject, it is not only because one finds here, as indeed one would expect from a great scientist or for the matter of that from any great man, a sense of humility in the face of unfathomable mystery, but also because one detects a lively recognition of the limitations of science in its relation to life as a whole. Man, it has been truly said, is a believing animal: he must have a god to worship. In a scientific age it is perhaps natural that many should regard science as a kind of lodestar—although science by itself offers no guidance for the way life should be lived, and has nothing to say in the field of morals, ethics, metaphysics, or religion. Touching the affairs that belong to our peace, the things that really matter, science is essentially and sublimely neutral. What science does in this context is to confront us all (including the scientists themselves, for let it never be forgotten that a scientist is also a citizen), with an increasing number of urgent and terrifying human problems; and if we are to solve them we must as a first and necessary step do what we can to establish a two-way traffic between the scientists on the one hand and the non-scientists on the other—a traffic, that is to say, in common understanding. Towards the establishment of such a traffic and such an understanding Professor Oppenheimer's lectures will without doubt—so much at least is clear from the first lecture—make a major contribution.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the Bermuda Conference

THE FORTHCOMING BERMUDA CONFERENCE was discussed by commentators in the light of the general problem of tension between east and west, of Molotov's unprecedented step in calling a special press conference, of the problems attending the birth of E.D.C. and so on.

From the United States, the *San Francisco Chronicle* was quoted as expressing the hope that the Bermuda meeting will serve the dual purpose of building western strength and unity and also of advising Malenkov that the recent Soviet attempts to split the west cannot weaken the foundations of this unity. From France, several papers expressed doubts as to whether the Bermuda conference would achieve anything positive, and especially of France attending the conference before the French presidential elections at the end of the year. Any decisions taken by France at Bermuda would not be binding. Several left-wing newspapers were quoted as resenting what they believed to be British and American intention of putting pressure on France to rush through ratification of E.D.C. The provincial newspaper, *La Tribune de St. Etienne*, was quoted for the suggestion that a time limit should be set for attempting a final approach to Moscow, after which the European army could come into force. From western Berlin, *Morgenpost* remarked that while France did not welcome the Bermuda Conference, the German Federal Government did, because it looked for the restoration of full German sovereignty. It was quoted as continuing:

It is now realised in Paris that a further exchange of Notes with the Russians holds no promise of success; yet France is deeply perturbed at the thought of having to draw the requisite practical conclusions from this fact. The French Government had hoped to gain further precious time through the forthcoming presidential elections and the Saar negotiations. Now Laniel and Bidault will have to state unequivocally at the beginning of December whether or not France is prepared to ratify the E.D.C. treaties. As it happens, the position of the French Prime Minister will be weaker than that of the absent Federal German Chancellor.

From Sweden, *Stockholm Tidningen* was quoted for the view that Germany will obviously be the main topic discussed at Bermuda:

It is reasonable to suppose that complete recognition of German sovereignty will be considered. The question now is can France effectively stand in the way of such a development? France needs American help too badly to be able to rely on her powers of veto indefinitely.

From east Germany, *Neues Deutschland* was quoted as follows:

All the decisions taken at the Bermuda conference will be null and void in the terms of international law. For such decisions must be taken by a four-power conference . . . Washington and Bonn have concocted a conspiratorial plot to prevent a four-power conference. Made nervous by the profound effect of the latest Soviet Note, Dulles and Adenauer have revealed their plans in advance.

A Soviet broadcast addressed to French listeners declared that the Soviet people fully sympathised with the French people in their struggle against E.D.C. Indeed, the interests of the French and Soviet peoples coincided. A Deutschlandsender broadcast from east Germany, on the other hand, told German listeners that Adenauer was prepared to commit the 'national betrayal' of 'surrendering the Saarland to the French imperialists' in return for French ratification of the E.D.C. treaty. The general line taken in satellite broadcasts was that the decision to hold the Bermuda conference 'simply demonstrates that the Western Powers do not wish to enter into negotiations but, instead, are out to get German rearmament accepted within the framework of Nato'. According to a Warsaw broadcast in English, the attempt in the western press to interpret the Soviet Note as indicating a Soviet unwillingness to negotiate had received a partial answer from Sir Hector McNeill in the foreign affairs debate, when he had suggested that the 'first impediments' to a four-Power meeting would have to be removed in Washington and not in Moscow. The Soviet Note, concluded the broadcast, offered both a five-power and a four-power conference.

A Vienna 'Russian Hour' broadcasts also claimed that the Note 'makes it clear that the U.S.S.R. is ready to negotiate'. The Soviet Government 'lays down no conditions; it only demands that the other side, in its turn, lays down no conditions before the negotiations open. . . . When Churchill proposed a four-power conference on the highest level, the "no" came not from Moscow but from Washington'.

Did You Hear That?

TAKING YOUR LIFE IN YOUR HANDS

'FOUR TIMES-A DAY', said THOMAS CADETT, B.B.C. Paris correspondent, in 'Radio Newsreel', 'the streets of Paris become a nightmare to any motorist in a hurry, or, for that matter, to anyone with nerves that are not made of steel; for although the bus and underground systems are used to capacity at such times, most people who have cars drive themselves to work in the morning, back home to lunch at mid-day, then to work again, and, finally, home in the evening. This means that the streets are completely jammed for considerable periods, and, since patience is not a Gallic virtue, if drivers are held up at any point for longer than they think necessary down go their fingers on the horn button and the place becomes bedlam.

'Things would be worse than they are but for several factors. One is that the French drive much faster than we do and, up to a point, they are encouraged to do so. It is a common sight to see a French policeman impatiently waving you on, when there is a clear space ahead of you, even though you are already going at a pace that in London would bring you before a magistrate. One of the first things a British driver has to learn over here is that whereas we at home brake to avoid danger, the Frenchman accelerates out of it. Another thing, French reactions seem to be far quicker than ours: having provoked a potentially dangerous situation, they somehow manage to save themselves and others at the last moment. Yet another point about Paris traffic is that the control lights are timed along the main one-way stretches, so as to permit an average speed which is fixed according to the normal traffic density for the time of day.

'But when all is said and done, things are getting steadily worse, and according to the police report, 180 new cars come on to the streets of Paris every day. The situation would be vastly improved if it were not for the number of cars that are parked, even in the centre of the city, for the greater part of the day. New parking places are being continually provided, but not on a scale to cope with the growing number of cars.

'The conclusions of the authorities is that only a four point programme will do any real good. First, there must be a time limit, and a very short one, for parking; secondly, large car parks must be provided on the outskirts of the capital; next, new buildings in the capital should contain garages in proportion to their size, and, finally, children should be taught road sense and road manners. But all this is in the future. Meanwhile, the daily contest in which nobody thinks of giving way will go on. With the daily evidence of frayed tempers all round it is pleasant to record that, some time back, an elegant woman driver, held up by a traffic light, put out her hand to indicate a turn. As the lights changed to green, a little Parisian cyclist alongside imprinted a chaste kiss on her fingers, and then he sprinted off with a gay whistle, having made two people happy for a brief moment'.

TORNADO IN ROSTOV-YAROSLAVSKY

News has recently reached London of the tragedy which has overtaken one of the most ancient and picturesque Russian towns—Rostov-Yaroslavsky. According to information available, on August 24 the city was struck by a tornado of such violence that it raised a wall of water nearly 100 metres high on Lake Nero. The tornado travelled along a narrow track 250-300 metres wide, and left appalling devastation in its wake. Nearly all the roofs of the houses were blown away; ancient trees were uprooted; the small wooden houses by the lake were completely destroyed. The ancient Rostov Kremlin was reduced to a

pile of rubble; the cupolas were torn off from the churches of St. John and the Holy Virgin of Smolensk. The Uspensky Cathedral lost all but one of its cupolas, while the roofs were carried away from the round towers on the Kremlin walls and from the former Metropolitan's Palace.

LADY KELLY, wife of the former British Ambassador to the Soviet Union, spoke in the European Service about her visit to Rostov-Yaroslavsky:

'It was with a feeling of sincere regret', she said, 'that I heard of the natural disaster that had befallen Rostov-Yaroslavsky last August; that ancient and curious city, encompassing within its Kremlin gems of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, making the most striking group of buildings in the Muscovite style I have seen in Russia.

'The two days I spent looking at the museums and churches, when we decided to stay in Rostov-Yaroslavsky's simple inn, were days of pure delight. Everything was a surprise, especially the excellence of a particularly good *kasha*, to talk of animal comforts, but above all, the diversity, originality and wealth of treasures within the museums. For here was an interesting factor. The Kremlin of Rostov-Yaroslavsky contained not only five churches in the Muscovite style but a prelaty and two palaces; a rare occurrence, for so many civic buildings have vanished through fire. Indeed the Bieyala Palace is, with the Terem in Moscow and the Museum at Novgorod, one of the few examples of these princely vaulted dwellings supported by one single and colossal pillar.

'Here, too, one could walk round the covered battlements of the Kremlin and reach at first-floor level the fourteenth-century Church of St. John the Baptist and the Church of the Resurrection. In St. John's, which was empty, nothing distracted the eye from the frescos depicting the life of St. Abraham of Rostov. Like those of the Church of

the Resurrection the frescos are boldly drawn and cover the whole of the interior. In the latter, not only the body of the church was frescoed but also the gallery round the church which was on the level of the battlements. The interiors of both these churches had to be reached through narrow staircases. The artists were most imaginative. Gone Hieratism and Byzantinism—here were lively devils, smiling angels, wild dragons, unicorns, in happy company with wise old men—for here the Cycle was biblical.

'If the gallery was full of prophets, arks, and apocalyptic pictures, the interior of the church proper was painted with frescos of Our Lord's life. The Crucifixion (*circa* 1670) held one's attention: from floor to ceiling these mute people stared at me and the eye was carried fascinated from the lantern to the Iconostasis, in front of which—oh, barbaric splendour!—four squat pillars rose, entirely covered with gold leaf.

'The Princes of Rostov did not live comfortably in their Terem, made of four small vaulted rooms. These were full of pottery and ancient arms. The dungeon was immediately beneath the ground-floor room, and a dummy prisoner properly chained was quite frightening in the deep shadows.

'I do hope the roof of the Bieyala Palace has held, as it is an interesting museum built round a circular pillar, the main hall of which is full of treasures brought out of the churches; I noticed specially the gold filigree doors (1562) which belonged to the Uspensky Sobor, a gift of Ivan the Terrible, icons, bronze chandeliers, and a number of enamels, a local craft no doubt developed after a visit from a travelling Limoges artist. This craft is still alive. Next to the Uspensky Sobor, which I could not enter as it was used as a store, stood the bell-tower.



The ancient Rostov Kremlin, destroyed by a tornado last August

It was a great feature of Rostov-Yaroslavsky, for so many bells are silent now all through Russia and often lie abandoned at the foot of their belfries as at Kolomensky or Novgorod. But here, out of the original thirteen, eight were still hanging.

'The picture was made unforgettable by Lake Nero, with its great sheet of lead-like waters kissing the low horizon, by the group of the Spasso Yakovlenski-Dimitrievsky group of monasteries in the distance, and all around one the great number of dome bulbs rising like a strange tulip border out of the roofs of churches'.

HUNTING HORNS FOR CRITICS

'The oddest picnic for earnest grown-ups that I have ever had the luck to experience', said FREDERICK LAWS in a talk in the Home Service 'was when I was one of about 100 art critics who were stuffed into three charabancs and very kindly and thoroughly shown the châteaux of the Loire. The International Association of Art Critics had been holding a conference in Paris. There were people there from seventeen different countries—inventors of theories of aesthetics, art historians, museum directors, eminent authorities, a few painters, and dozens of journalists. Apart from a general feeling that everybody else had been far too long-winded there was no serious ill-will amongst us. So it was a friendly, talked-out pack of pundits which trailed to its meeting place near the Etoile at nine o'clock in the morning. We knew we would visit châteaux and have meals in two of them, but that was about all we knew.

'For twelve solid hours we saw the châteaux of the Loire. We were sated with history and getting hungry. It was nearly nine when we arrived at the Château de Chéverny and, there, beautiful improbability broke out on a grand scale. The coaches slowed, stopped, and hooted with self-satisfaction. We stretched, looked blearily out at the big gates, climbed down and stared at the long perspective of a gravel drive. Through neat, wide lawns it ran, joining other paths in acres of geometry. At the end of the drive we saw a more sober building than the others we had visited, and on the steps a group of figures waiting to welcome us.

'And it was then that the fanfare rang out—a fine, ripe trumpeting noise of a sort I had never heard before. We looked round to see where it came from. We looked at each other wondering. Then it occurred to us that it was actually meant for us. We dusted ourselves down and tried not to look so sheepish. We pushed our most eminent members to the front and began an untidy little procession up that long tidy drive. Half-way, another fanfare came. Neatly arranged on the right-hand stairs up to the door were five huntsmen in red. And on the left were five huntsmen in blue. They made an orchestra of hunting horns. I am no expert on the French *cor de chasse* but it is a large coiled affair—I suppose it is coiled to go round an arm or round your body when on horseback. A concert of these makes good, poetic, faintly melancholy music.

'At the top of the stairs was a collection of notabilities and their ladies. The prefect of the department was in a uniform rather like that of a modest admiral. Our host, M. le Comte de Vibraye who lives, farms, and hunts in the place as his ancestors did before him, was in formal evening dress. The ladies could have stepped straight out of a

fashionable Paris restaurant. There was certainly nothing dull or sober about the inside of the Château de Chéverny. The grand staircase is grand; the king's room kingly; the Aubusson tapestries are perfect. I will not catalogue splendours, but must note how good and right it seemed that the family portraits had been built into the rooms, and that they fitted them properly and exactly in number, size, and shape. Planning is not a modern discovery. And I thought the tapestries of peasants at play after Teniers in the drawing-room the jolliest wall decoration I have ever seen—beauty apart.

'As there was such a mob of us we dined in a room outside the main house, and here again unlikeliness broke out with a fine excess. The room was decorated with heads of deer and of wild boar and with antlers. Did I say decorated? It was smothered in them. Up the walls, all over the rafters, down the pillars holding up the roof—everywhere, with little labels giving dates and names of hunters. There must have

been 1,000—all from the woods outside. Some panels in the walls of this room had life-size, blown-up photographs of the hunt and the kill. And the ten men in red and blue had not finished with us. They saluted the arrival of every course with a flourish, an air, or a fanfare. I have found out since that these horns have quite a repertoire. Different calls when you find different beasts—a really distinguished stag gets special trumpeting.

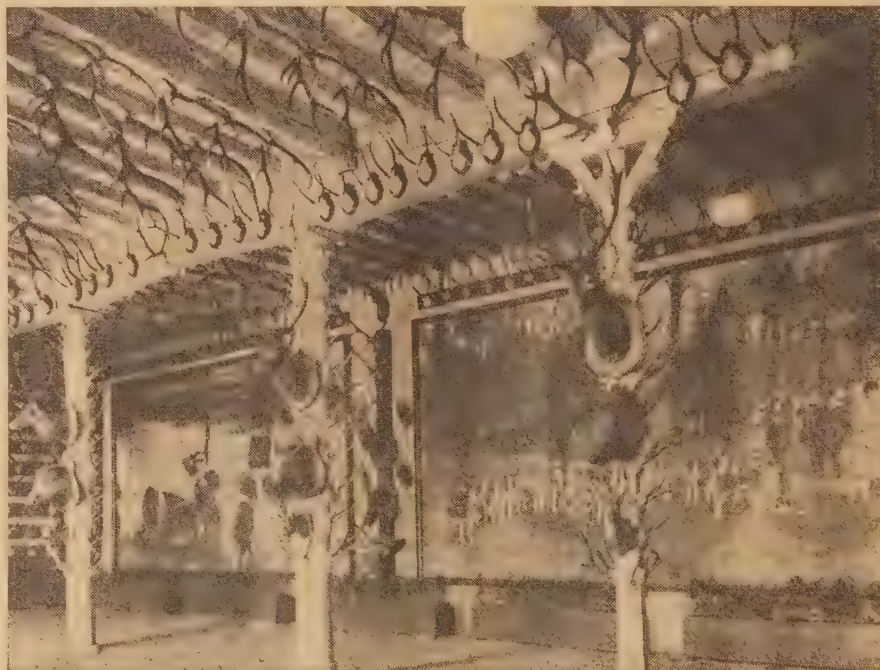
'At half past one in the morning we were removed from Arcady by charabanc. And as we rolled away the hunting horns tried a last and more complicated tune. We were unloaded back in the Place de la Concorde a little after dawn, stiff and still under hallucination. And it is no good pretending that

the whole thing was planned by some benign surrealist. Chéverny is a real place; and the International Association of Art Critics is a genuine and worthy body; I did hear hunting horns, and Vouvray is a glorious wine. It is a pity that it does not travel'.

A PLASTIC SCHOOL

In 'The Eye-witness' MAURICE LINDSAY spoke of a plastic school that is being built in Edinburgh. 'The interesting thing about the school', he said, 'is that much of it will be constructed of a fairly recently developed extra-durable plastic. This plastic, made originally from wood-fibre, amongst other ingredients, is double-layered with cells in between the layers. These cells can carry lighting cable, and can be filled with different sorts of insulating material depending upon whether a wall is designed to keep in heat or to keep out infant sounds.

'The plastic panel doors and so on will be pre-fabricated at a factory in Kent and assembled around the brick cross-walls on the site. The material is available in different colours and once it is assembled it will never need painting. It is non-inflammable and it cannot be eaten by vermin. Originally, the material was developed during the war for the building of ships' bulkheads. But recent research showed it to be capable of carrying greater strains. It has been used for various building projects in England, but the Drylaw school is not only its first major use in Scotland but, according to the maker, the most extensive building use of it to be made so far in Britain. Not only is this plastic school cheaper and quicker to erect than the traditional type of school, but, I am told, it compares favourably in its expected lease of life, and should be cheaper to run'.



At the Château de Chéverny: a room decorated with the heads of deer and wild boar and large photographs of the hunt

Prospect of Britain

The Merry-go-Round

By CHRISTOPHER SALMON

PICCADILLY CIRCUS is not England, still less Scotland, Wales, or Northern Ireland. But most people at some time take a turn there, and it is a good place from which to observe social appearances. It was in 1910 that I first began to watch the Circus, as a little boy up from school for the winter holidays. It was still a place of horses and fine feathers then, and it looked like a merry-go-round. Round and round went all that remained of nineteenth-century society, and a good deal of it did remain until the war finally began to knock it to pieces in 1914.

Learning the Shades

Piccadilly Circus reminds me much more of a turntable today, one of those bare, spinning, polished floors which whirl you round at a fair, mix you up with everybody else and, at last, throw you to the side, which has cushions on purpose. We do not any longer like social casualties, and there are plenty of people among the middle classes now who are not well prepared for a rough and tumble, who never would have had to climb on the roundabout before. But we spend ten shillings in the pound on the social mix-up where the Victorians once spent no more than a penny, so that there is simply no comparison in the pace and the music. Change of place was not forbidden in Victorian times, but there were some reserved seats, and others marked clearly 'Not for general use'. In those days you always knew with whom you had to deal. With frock coat, morning coat, short coat, cover coat, lace, muff and lap-dog, you could tell high from low at a glance, and rich from poor, and town from country; and all the professions and occupations were graded, too, so that each could receive its proper degree of respect. If you wanted to circulate you must learn the shades.

Nanny, who wore streamers in her bonnet, came back from Kensington Gardens with a story which passed into the family. She had been wheeling prams with a friend who was nanny to a marquis. Prams were prams then, with wheels three feet across and carriage springs, and carriage polish. Nanny and her friend met an acquaintance who was also wheeling, and also nobly employed, though less nobly than Nanny's friend, being only with a baronet. She looked Nanny's friend's pram over and said disappointedly, 'Where's the crest?' 'Gracious me', Nanny's friend replied, 'Don't you know, the higher you gets the less you puts on the prams?'

And the shades did not stop at suburbia. They went all the way down, coachman and cabby, butcher with his straw hat and striped apron, Mr. Potts the painter, and all the 'happy families', and the tradesman's boy, and the flower seller, and the crossing-sweeper. 'It's all true about England', Walter Hines Page was writing to America, 'everything you've ever heard'. Where should the head be if not at the top, and there it was, supreme, august, while from it depended, bone on bone, the articulated social column. But there was one fatal gap, as if a man should have forgotten his hands. There was not a 'labouring man' on the roundabout. To find him you must take your carriage from Piccadilly and travel east a little, or even right up to Lancashire. And there, it was believed, you would find him in corduroy trousers, and boots with nails, and a handkerchief round his throat.

Other Times, Other Modes

Other times, other modes. Today only three men are distinguishable, the policeman, armed services in uniform, and the civil servant, none of them social types, all of them servants of the state. Everything social is a secret, like money in the pocket. Rich cannot be told any longer from poor, or townsman from countryman, or Sunday from work day, or even, certainly, boy from girl.

All this is no accident. The Victorians dressed for the parts they played because they believed in them. We simply look what we are, casual and anonymous. We are unaware of having social parts to play. Political obligations we admit. There are the police and the courts to enforce them. And we have become accustomed, now, as well, to think of ourselves as members of a national economy. The Victorians worked

hard and saved all sorts of money for social reasons. If we either work or save money, perhaps after government exhortation, we think of ourselves as discharging economic functions. To most of us society means just our families, small as they are, and a few friends, and beyond them nothing, or nothing with a social structure. Our relations with everybody else are simply economic. Society, an old shell we think, has shrunk round us, and we rattle about trying to get rid of the encumbrance. The principle of society is the interdependence of persons. And we have a theory about dependence. We have persuaded ourselves that the relation of dependence ought to be divided equally in two, so that no person should be more dependent on the other than the other is on him.

I do not think the theory will stand examination. The power to protect, and to do things for other people, is natural and delightful, and so, under the right conditions, is the state of dependency. We need only think of the relations between stronger and weaker, between men and women, between grown-ups and children. Protection and dependence are co-ordinate social functions. Neither is enjoyable unless both are enjoyed. To be dependent on others without some reciprocity of love and obligation is certainly intolerable, but our conclusion should be that wherever relations of power and dependence are inevitable, we should keep them on the personal level where the obligations of love and morality may enter naturally.

Paying in Society for What Happened in Industry

We are paying in society, generally, for what happened in industry. There, as the scale of industrial undertakings grew larger, we allowed the relations between power and dependence to become more and more impersonal, until at last it seemed to the dependent that neither a desire, nor the obligation, to sustain were any longer among the motives of those in power. So dependency and power both got bad names, and it became the policy of the majority, as far as they could, to abolish the state of dependence altogether. I do not know whether an economy cleared of unequal proportions of power and dependence may be conceivable, but I know that a society without them is inconceivable. What the new policy amounted to has hardly yet been recognised. Society was to make way for economy. In the place of morality we were to substitute technique. This was like refusing benefit of clergy to those who needed to live together. The method used was to remove the relations of employers to employed out of the social and into the economic field, where law, which cannot make men good, could force them to obey regulations.

This policy has amounted to a series of major operations in which a whole circulatory system has been lifted from the social body. Like an excised heart, our reciprocities of desire and satisfaction are now being encouraged to beat in an external medium, while the specialists correct its unbalance. Indeed, the specialists are beginning to suggest that the control they have learned to exercise on the economic function may make it preferable to keep it outside the social body for good. But surely it is in our own recovery that we ought to be interested and not merely in what is scientifically possible? Rightly or wrongly we submitted to the operation, but its success must depend on the surgeons being able not only to keep the system alive, on the table, but also presently to put it back inside the social body. Surely, we need to put on weight again, and get up.

Perhaps I may go on for a moment speaking for the patient? We feel no pain at present. We do seem to have been relieved of what had become a very uncomfortable pressure; but now we suffer dreadfully from torpor. Nothing seems worth while. There seems to be only one reason left for doing anything. This reason is money. But money no longer seems attractive. It may be rather strange, but the fact seems to be that money no longer provides us with a sufficient inducement. At this moment an idea takes hold of us and we raise ourself on our elbow. Can it be, we ask, that money which as wages or salary made it possible for us once to do things which in themselves we thought worth doing, may not be enough by itself now to make anything seem worth while?

But as we say this the doctors look significantly at each other and ring for the nurse. 'Don't you worry', they say, 'leave everything to us. Nurse is going to bring you some nice warm broth'. We take the broth, specially sent under Marshall Aid from America, and lie back. I am convinced, all the same, that this question of money as incentive, both in industry and elsewhere, is one we are going to need to discuss very thoroughly during the doctor's absence.

Meanwhile, the notion of dependence has become so unpopular, that we are now trying to root it out even from the arts of personal service. Everyone whose job involves him in 'looking after' anybody else is trying, as quickly as he can, to put this threatening personal relation on a purely business footing. One needs, in case one has forgotten the difference, to cross over to France, or just to remember what it was like in this country at the time of the Coronation. Because the Queen is the head of our society, we celebrated her Coronation as a social event. Without recognising what we were doing we were able for a few weeks to enjoy genuinely social experience once more by resuming genuinely social relations. One discovered, for instance, that getting about had suddenly become pleasanter at the very time when it had become physically so much more difficult. No doubt London was helped by the presence in it of so many people from Yorkshire and Lancashire, and from country districts, too, where the decay of personal relations is less advanced than it is in London and the south. But I have the impression that all over Britain we are now once again determined to think the very idea of personal service objectionable, and to punish those who ask for it by making it one of the most expensive luxuries. Do not let us be confused by the term economic service. Service is either personal or it is not service. Gas, water, electricity, these things are supplies.

The Essence of Culture

Meanwhile, in the shops and restaurants, we persuade ourselves that to sell goods is a more dignified occupation than to satisfy people. If you know what you want to eat and it is on the menu, if you know what you want to buy and it is on the shelf, someone will fetch it for you, and you can usually pay for it, too, without feelings being hurt. But if you prefer mashed potatoes, or your arms are too long for the coat, there is usually nothing to be done. This is absurd. We are all customers, and customers in a civilised community should have tastes and not merely appetites and basic needs. This is not a question of luxury, it is the very essence of culture. There is a chain of eating-houses in America which covers the trunk roads. The distances and the differences of climate spanned by the chain are as great as from London to the Persian Gulf. Air-conditioning standardises climate, but you would think that there would still be a chance to taste somewhere a fish or a crab or a cheese unique to the district. But you might as well be where you started, outside New York. In all of these places everything is cooked from standard recipes issued by Head Office. Inspectors of the company disguise themselves as customers. They know to an ounce how large the steak should be. They know how every vegetable should look and how it should taste. And they go on to apply the same standards to the human side. They know exactly how long it should take the waitress to serve the dinner, so they also know how long the customer should be allowed to eat it. They know the exact degree of friendliness which the hostess and waitress should show the customer, and this means that the customer is kept in his place, a hygienic place, where he may discover to his surprise that a meal, when it is essentially an economic enterprise, is not even digestible. This may sound trivial. A great deal that is very important is really at stake.

'Could you possibly send these round?', a friend of mine asked the grocer. 'On a Tuesday? No, madam, I'm afraid not! Our directors take a very serious view of delivery'. Absurd language, and surely an absurd assumption of authority. By being directed to sell instead of to serve, the retailers are contributing to an inversion of social function. Once a man gave his order and the goods arrived, and later a bill. A friend of mine, who is a priest in east London, ordered £240 worth of tubular chairs for one of his parish halls. The firm sent him what they called a pro-forma statement, but they asked him to pay it in advance. My friend blew up. If good faith was in question he rightly said his own must be considered to stand the higher of the two. The firm was an impersonal organisation of limited liability in business for profit. He was a pastor with a personal reputation, well known in the district, with fixed address and established position. And, surely, he was quite right. The counter is the only place where we can compel the forces of production to serve the interests of society. If we

allow our relations with them to be reduced from social to economic, we shall not have a chance, for when it comes to economics, of course, the power is all on the side of the producers.

Impersonal Relations

After a misunderstanding, husbands and wives, as well as parents and children, have sometimes been known to push notes under each others' doors. But if they mean to go on living in the same house they must consent, and the sooner the better, to talk to each other again.

Now there is a deeper level, and one less easy to observe, where relations, formerly personal, are becoming impersonal. In 1914, doctors, lawyers, architects, engineers, chemists, accountants, surveyors, and other professional bodies were channels down which personal requirements, mediated by personal relations and responsibilities, set in motion enormous quantities of productive activity in offices, hospitals, factories, shipyards, building-yards, and foundries all over the country. But these professional skills were always costly to employ, and from 1914 on they became more and more costly to equip and train. The private person, made so much poorer by taxation, was no longer able to support the expense, but the skills were indispensable. Moreover the government had become dependent on many of them, now, for the defence of the country. It seemed reasonable, accordingly, that government should make itself partly responsible for the training and employment of the professions, and aim, besides, to make their services available for the first time to everyone who needed them. Now the social significance of this is difficult to assess. Though political means were used, our intentions, I think, were undoubtedly social. It seems clear, for instance, that the National Health Service Act was designed to protect the personal relations which the professionals had built into the art of medical care. The Act's expressed intention was to restore the physician to a status from which the technical developments of diagnosis and treatment had already dislodged him. In a network of health centres, all over the country, it was the general practitioner who was to work the transformation from social cure to social prevention. But these health centres were never in fact set up, and except in Manchester and Edinburgh I have seen no sign that the original intentions are still remembered.

The fact is, I suppose, that without radical decentralisation personal relations are never likely to survive public administration. But public administration gives the expert a chance. We think that the expert will do better than we could ourselves. It is the scientist, now, we think, who must solve our social problems.—*Third Programme*

Choric Stanzas

Remember, no men are strange, no countries foreign.
Beneath all uniforms, a single body breathes
Like ours; the land our brothers walk upon
Is earth like this, in which we all shall lie.

They, too, aware of sun and air and water,
Are fed by peaceful harvests, by war's long winter starved.
Their hands are ours, and in their lines we read
A labour not different from our own.

Remember they have eyes like ours that wake
Or sleep, and strength that can be won
By love. In every land is common life
That all can recognise, and understand.

Let us remember, whenever we are told
To hate our brothers, it is ourselves
That we shall dispossess, betray, condemn.
Remember, we who take arms against each other,

It is the human earth that we defile,
Our hells of fire and dust outrage the innocence
Of air that is everywhere our own.
Remember, no men are foreign, and no countries strange.

JAMES KIRKUP

The Greatness of Wellington

By ARTHUR BRYANT

WELLINGTON—‘a pillar of glar’, he seemed to the young Carlyle, a ‘cast-metal man’, as he rode through the streets with the mob hooting at his heels. A few months earlier he had been Prime Minister, and sixteen years before he had held the ridge at Waterloo against the greatest conqueror of all time. But at the time of the Reform Bill a large section of his countrymen detested the Duke as the champion of reaction. He remained utterly unmoved by demonstrations of his own unpopularity, even when the mob stoned the windows of his house where his wife lay dying. ‘In short’, he said in his bleak way, ‘there are little revolutions on the road—ups here, downs there—the only way is never to care about them’. The only thing that concerned him, was what he believed, rightly or wrongly, to be his duty. From that he never deviated.

Twenty years later, when the reforms he had opposed had been accepted by all parties, Wellington died, the hero of the nation. During those closing years, when he rode on his unfailing morning journey to the Horse Guards, everyone saluted him as though he had been King. As men uncovered, the old man would lift a stiff forefinger to the brim of a tall, grey hat. He was always immaculately dressed, in white trousers and a single-breasted, skin-tight coat. His figure was lithe and upright, his eyes piercing, his finely chiselled features and high Roman beak like an eagle’s. He was a simple man—bleak, frugal, unsparing of himself. As Greville the diarist wrote, he was without a particle of vanity or conceit. He took ‘more pride in obeying than in commanding, and never for a moment considered that his elevation above all other subjects released him from the same obligation as the humblest. The Crown never possessed a more faithful, devoted, and disinterested subject’.

He had begun his long career before the outbreak of the French Revolution. He had fought it in its prime as a young lieutenant-colonel in charge of a regiment of foot in one of the most disastrous campaigns in British history, helping to cover the retreat of the army, abandoned by its allies, in the terrible winter of 1795. ‘I learnt’, he said afterwards, ‘what one ought not to do, and that is always something!’

He won his first laurels in India. Between his twenty-eighth and thirty-seventh year he was the military right-hand of his brother Lord Mornington—the Governor-General who in six years doubled the size of the British dominion. But Arthur Wellesley, as he then was, had little use for his brother’s grandiloquent notions of empire. His recipe for British rule was to protect the rights of native princes and preserve law and peace through indirect influence. ‘The principle of the occupation of India’, he said, ‘has been the protection of property in the hands of the natives . . . It depends, you can take it from me, on justice, freedom from corruption, and unswerving truth to one’s word and to every obligation one has undertaken’. On another occasion he wrote to his brother: ‘I would sacrifice Gwalior and every frontier of India ten times over in order to preserve our credit for scrupulous good faith’.

He returned to England in the year of Trafalgar—a major-general of thirty-six whose name, despite his brilliant victory at Assaye, was almost unknown to his countrymen. Three years later, when the Spanish

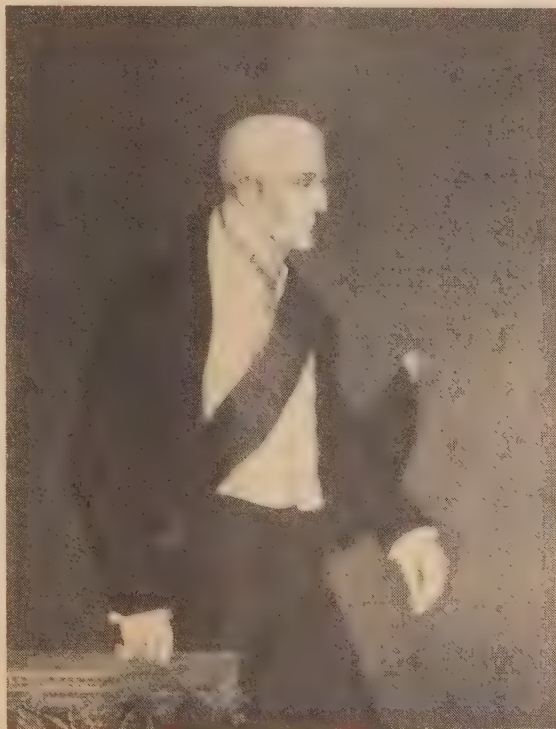
people, betrayed by their rulers, unexpectedly rose against the tyranny of Napoleon—then unchallenged master of the continent—Wellington was sent with 8,000 troops as an advance guard of an expeditionary force to liberate Portugal. It was the first British landing on the continent since it had been completely overrun by Napoleon, and, thanks to Wellington, it was brilliantly successful. Before the two senior officers who had been appointed to the command could arrive to supersede him, he had won three victories over the French and compelled their evacuation from Portugal.

A year later—still under forty—he returned to Lisbon in command of all the British forces in the Peninsula. For five years he commanded Britain’s principal army—for long periods the only one in the field against the immense forces of Napoleonic France. His success was due to his unfailing calculation of what was possible with the means at his disposal; he was the most common-sense and the least romantic commander in the history of war. He once described his recipe for victory as ‘the pursuit of all the means, however small, that could promote success’. Among such details the most fundamental was what he called attention to supply. He had learnt its importance in the jungles of India where, as he once said, ‘If I had rice and bullocks, I had men, and, if I had men, I knew I could beat the enemy’. One of his curt orders ran: ‘The attention of commanding officers has been frequently called to the expediency of supplying the soldiers with breakfast’.

Wellington never left undone any duty that could help his men do theirs. He rose at six, applied himself to every administrative detail, and rested only when the day’s work was done, falling asleep with the same promptitude with which he did everything else. ‘When I throw off my clothes I throw off my cares, and when I turn in my bed it is time to turn out’. It was characteristic of the man that he called himself, shaved himself, and brushed his own clothes; in the field he breakfasted invariably at daylight and on cold meat. ‘The reason I succeeded in my campaigns’, he said, ‘was because I was always on the spot. I saw everything and did everything for myself’.

Wellington had many virtues as a commander—a wonderful eye for ground, a care for his men’s lives that enabled him to get the utmost out of every soldier employed; above all, a sense of time and patience to await in adversity the chances that time brings. He wrote of his strategy: ‘It will give Spain the chance of accident and a change in the affairs of Europe’. ‘They may do what they please, I shall not give up the game as long as it can be played’. Above all, he was ready to take responsibility, particularly when things were going ill. ‘I am perfectly aware of the risks I incur personally’, he wrote. ‘All I beg is that if I am to be responsible, I may be left to the exercise of my own judgment’.

His men scarcely loved him—he was too remote and cold to arouse love—but they trusted him, and he never let them down. ‘If England should require the service of her army again’, wrote Private Wheeler, ‘and I should be with it, let me have Old Nossy to command. . . . There are two things we should be certain of. First, we should always be as well supplied with rations as the nature of the



The Duke of Wellington in 1845: a portrait by Count D'Orsay
National Portrait Gallery

service would admit. The second is, we should be sure to give the enemy a damned good thrashing. What can a soldier desire more?’

It was with these virtues, and his sense of how to use England's sea-communications to make her small army go far further than the enemy's, that enabled Wellington in five years to drive a foe ten times as numerous from Spain. By the end he had an army which, in his own words, could go anywhere and do anything. Then, at the age of forty-six, and without that army—for it had been sent to fight a useless war in America—he was called upon to cross swords with Napoleon himself. At Waterloo he commanded 21,000 British, many of them raw recruits, and about half as many dependable German, Dutch, and Belgian troops against 70,000 French veterans under the Emperor himself. ‘An infamous army’, he called it before the battle, though unjustly, ‘very weak and ill-equipped’. The holding of the ridge that day was one of the most remarkable personal achievements in our history. It was due to Wellington's calm, inflexible grip of the battle, his brilliant disposition of his slender forces, above all the tremendous prestige of his past victories, as he rode, immaculate and unperturbed, among the shot and smoke to keep his young soldiers to the sticking-point

Serving His Country in Peace

For the last thirty-seven years of life Wellington served his country in peace as he had served it in war—as plenipotentiary at the peace conference, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Occupation, as an ambassador, as Master of the Ordnance, Prime Minister, and President of the Council, and as a kind of honorary adviser in every public concern and to every Government of the day. ‘Rest’, he once remarked, ‘every other animal, even a donkey, a costermonger's donkey, is allowed some rest, but the Duke of Wellington never! There is no help for it. As long as I am able to go on, they will put the saddle on my back and make me go’. His rule, as he put it, was ‘always to do the business of the day in the day’—and it continued to the hour of his death. To the age of eighty-two he answered every letter in his own hand.

The core of his philosophy was subjection to the ideal of duty and obedience to the orders of those he served. ‘I have ate of the King's salt’, he said, ‘and consider myself bound to go where I am sent and do as I am ordered’. He never picked or chose his appointments or stood upon his dignity. At the age of fifty-five, with everything life could offer, he undertook in the face of illness a long, exhausting, winter journey to the Russian capital; in his eightieth year he answered the summons of a Whig Government—he himself was a Tory—to command the forces that prevented a Chartist rising in London. ‘I was at all times ready to serve His Majesty in any station; that was my rule’.

He was no saint. He loved the society of beautiful women, shared the selfish and aristocratic outlook of his class and age, and showed little sympathy towards those who failed to conform to his own austere and Spartan code. But he never told a lie—which he regarded as a species of cowardice—or failed, out of a mistaken notion of kindness, to let any man know exactly where he stood. When pestered by a gentleman with eccentric views on currency reform, he did not reply with the usual evasive but misleading courtesies of professional statesmen. ‘The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Crutwell and has received his letter. The Duke of Wellington begs Mr. Crutwell to publish upon the currency if he pleases, and to speak upon the subject to whom he pleases. The Duke desires to have nothing to say to it; and entreats Mr. Crutwell not to give himself the trouble of writing to him again’. On another occasion Wellington replied to an importunate correspondent that he was one of the few persons in the country who did not meddle with matters with which he had no concern.

Yet he cared deeply for the public good. ‘I am one of those’, he wrote, ‘who have probably passed a longer period of my life engaged in war than most men, and principally in civil war; and I must say this, that if I could avoid, by any sacrifice whatever, even one month of civil war in this country, I would sacrifice my life in order to do it’. When in power he refused to place either personal *amour propre* or party consistency before the safety and unity of the state. He had a profound awareness of the importance of honour and morals in public affairs. ‘Throughout the whole of his career’, wrote a friend, ‘he always placed first and foremost, far above his military and social honours, his position as an English gentleman’. ‘What is worth having’, he once asked, ‘in comparison with our character? Let us try

to keep our character whatever happens’. The greatness of England, he believed, depended on its being a nation of honest men.

Looking back on Wellington's career, it is his greatness as a man, even more than as a soldier, that impresses one. His speech, as Tennyson wrote, was full of ‘rugged maxims hewn from life’—‘The only thing of which I am afraid is fear’; ‘There is nothing in life like a clear definition’; ‘Half the business of the world, especially of our country, is done by accommodation, and by the parties understanding each other’; ‘There is nothing so improper as for one Government to interfere in the internal affairs of a second’; ‘A democracy, if a real democracy could be formed, would be the strongest of all governments, but then, remember, the strongest is the most tyrannical’. Over and over again recurs his conviction that the only sure rule was the observance by a man of what he knew to be his duty. ‘There is little or nothing in this life worth living for’, he once remarked, ‘but we can all of us go straight forward and do our duty’.

At the end of his life he had become the symbol of all that was greatest in the nation's past. There was something intensely moving to his contemporaries in the uncomplaining countenance of the old hero: ‘Like an eagle of the Gods’, said Haydon, ‘who had put on human shape and got silvery with age and service’. Greville described his appearance at a concert, the whole audience rising and cheering to salute ‘the great old man . . . now the idol of the people. It was grand and affecting, and seemed to move everybody but himself’. In the year of the Great Exhibition, Carlyle saw him at an evening reception: ‘The face wholly gentle, wise, valiant and venerable. The voice is aquiline, clear, perfectly equable, and almost musical . . . eighty-two, I understand. He glided slowly along, slightly saluting this and that other, clear, clean, fresh as this June evening itself, till the silver buckle of his stock vanished into the door of the next room, and I saw him no more’.—*Home Service*

The flood of English tourists who visited Paris during the brief Peace of Amiens in 1802 has left a considerable deposit of letters and diaries. If Charles James Fox was the most notable of these visitors, Bertie Greatheed, whose Journal has been published for the first time, under the title *An Englishman in Paris: 1803*, edited by J. P. T. Bury and J. C. Barry (Geoffrey Bles. 21s.), was also a good example of the cultured and cosmopolitan Whig aristocrat. He had travelled in France in the seventeenth-eighties, before the volcanic upheaval of the Revolution altered the whole scene. Within the limits of the social circle and outlook in which he moves (and he is often horribly bored by it) he is a direct, vivid, and honest observer. The atmosphere of the period is strikingly conveyed.

Like all his fellow tourists, he was anxious to record his impressions of that portent, the First Consul. He describes his first sight of Bonaparte at an audience. ‘His hair was unpowdered and neglected, his countenance cheerful, fatter, and not so sallow as I expected, his eyes I thought light, and not so large, nor so melancholy, nor so sunk as I expected; the whole face not so picturesque’. Later he thinks that Bonaparte ‘is a most able and alarming man’. Greatheed was very friendly with Junot, one of Napoleon's favourite generals, and his comments on the numerous notabilities of the *régime* whom he met are trenchant. Napoleon's mother, Madame Mère, to whom he was introduced, ‘is tall and thin; 4 or 5 and fifty, much like her son, supposing his face larger, and talks like him’. Talleyrand ‘is a nasty looking dog, in a blue coat embroidered with silver’. Greatheed's son was a promising young painter (who unfortunately died in 1804), and the eight illustrations of the text are taken from the drawings and portraits which he made in Paris. His anxiety to finish a copy of a Correggio in the Louvre led to the family being caught in Paris by the renewed outbreak of war, and detained as prisoners of war. This is the most important part of the Journal, as it is the only extant record of an English family in this situation. The internment of civilians, decreed by Bonaparte as a reprisal for the English seizure of merchant ships, was regarded as an unheard-of atrocity, but Greatheed was contemptuous of the outcry. In fact the hardships were mild by twentieth-century standards: the Greatheed family was allowed to stay at large in Paris and then (through Junot's influence) to proceed to Germany.

Greatheed does not often indulge in political generalisations. But he tries to be objective. ‘I wish it were possible for a Gentleman sometimes to quit his class without disgrace and become acquainted with the lower, and in this land of equality, with the poorer orders. As it is, one is almost as much confined to one's own caste as the Bramins of India, and therefore living entirely with the noblesse who were the sufferers in the Revolution, or with those of their rank of other countries, one must see all on the dark side’. Greatheed's impressions should be compared with the contemporaneous letters from Paris of Henry Redhead Yorke, who had been an English Jacobin in Paris in 1792, and therefore had much wider contacts and a broader view of the social changes in France since the Revolution. The Journal is elegantly produced, and the editor's historical footnotes are commendably concise and informative.

'The Nemesis of Power'

SIR LEWIS NAMIER on the book by John Wheeler-Bennett

THE part played by the German Army in the politics of the Weimar Republic and of the Third Reich forms the central theme of Mr. John Wheeler-Bennett's new book *The Nemesis of Power**. It is the paradoxical story of maximum ascendancy attained by the army leaders under the Parliamentary Republic, and of gradual decline in status under Hitler; of the way in which they who despised the parliamentary regime and patronised the Nazis brought about their own downfall and humiliation.

The book links up with Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's previous three major works on contemporary history, *Hindenburg*, *Brest-Litovsk*, and *Munich*, and is his crowning achievement in that field: in it the genre which he has created appears in a matured and highly perfected form. Writers of contemporary history are usually either men who had a direct share in its making, or who had watched the scene from a distance: which gives their work an egocentric or an academic character. Mr. Wheeler-Bennett has intimately known many of the actors in the drama, and watched them at work, but without playing an active part of his own; and next he settled down to years of study of documentary evidence concerning the events he had witnessed in a manner worthy of a master historian, keeping at the same time in close touch with men who from their own experience could help to elucidate and supplement such evidence. Impersonal in his work and yet supremely interested in his subject, alert and a good listener, he has the gift of eliciting information and critically incorporating it into his story. There is in him a touch of Boswell, and more than a touch of Horace Walpole, who moved among the leading politicians but seldom had a political task to perform, and thus became the observer *par excellence*. Diplomacy or politics would have been for Mr. Wheeler-Bennett his obvious choice of a career; ill-health in his earlier years debarred him from either; and so he, too, settled down as an observer, where in the regular course he might have been a doer, with the limitations which action imposes. Circumstances determine our lives, but we shape our lives by what we make of circumstances.

The theme of Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's new book is crucial to the history of our time. When, on May 7, 1945, a representative of the German High Command signed the instrument of Unconditional Surrender, it

was hoped that the German era in European history, so replete with disaster, had reached its term, and that the foremost aim of the Allies, repeatedly emphasised by their leaders, would be realised; Prussian militarism was to be destroyed along with the iniquities of National Socialism. The Prussian Army had enabled the Hohenzollerns and their servants to forge the bonds of German unity, the basis of German predominance in Europe. During the first world war the German

High Command, under Hindenburg and Ludendorff, established its supremacy over the civilian government, and even over its own nominal Supreme Commander, the Emperor. When military defeat put an end to monarchical rule, the Army re-emerged under the Republic as the guardian of order and of national unity. Never was its independence and political power more pronounced than under the Weimar Republic; and it was even greater during the six years of the Socialist President Ebert than during the next eight years, when Hindenburg, premier soldier of the Reich, overshadowed the Army Command. The fear of Bolshevism at home, and the desire to see Germany's might

re-established abroad, made the Army leaders into recognised arbiters of the internal affairs of the Reich and, to a great extent, of its foreign policy also.

In October 1918 Ludendorff hysterically cried out for an armistice and, to placate President Wilson, helped to stage a democratic transformation. The moderate Socialists, while making revolutionary gestures, frantically tried to shore up the imperial regime; they feared responsibility and they hated communism. Hoisted into power, Ebert, on the first night in the Chancellor's office, made a well-nigh symbolic discovery: on the table stood a telephone connecting him by a private and secret line with Army Headquarters. It rang: General Gröner, Ludendorff's successor, was speaking. Was the Government willing to protect Germany from anarchy and to restore order he asked. Yes, it was. 'Then the High Command will maintain discipline in the Army and bring it peacefully home'. In a few sentences a pact was concluded between a defeated army and a tottering semi-revolutionary regime; and the Weimar Republic was doomed at birth. The socialist Government helped to restore the authority of the Officer Corps; and when the troops, like victors, marched through the Brandenburger Tor with standards and



Three illustrations from *The Nemesis of Power*: Colonel-General Hans von Seeckt (left), and Field-Marshal Werner von Blomberg



Colonel-General Freiherr Werner von Fritsch

music and arms, they were greeted by Ebert with the words: 'I salute you, who return unvanquished from the field of battle'. So saying, he unwittingly absolved the General Staff and indicted the revolution. The legend of the 'stab-in-the-back' was born.

Soon the General Staff was dictating to the Socialist Government. Ebert, bourgeois at heart and patriotic German, retained a deep respect for a Prussian Field-Marshal; Noske, Socialist Minister of Defence, purred when flattered by army officers. Polish incursions and communist risings were apprehended; and with the Army practically disbanded, the High Command started raising from its wreckage Free Corps of 'politically reliable' adventurers and gangsters, the nuclei of future Nazi formations. Legalised by the Socialist Government, they crushed the Berlin communists, and the National Assembly met to draft a constitution and conclude peace.

'No Collective Sense of War Guilt'

'In 1919, as in 1945', writes Mr. Wheeler-Bennett, 'no collective sense of war-guilt was evident among the German people', and the peace terms, however just, came as a shock to them. Ebert, inclining to rejection, consulted the military on the possibility of armed resistance. Their soundings yielded most discouraging results: the people were war-weary; the extreme left would rise, the Allies march in; the Officer Corps would be destroyed, and the name of Germany disappear from the map. The reply of the Army Command left no choice to Government and parliament; yet formally the decision to sign was made by the parliamentary ministers, henceforth the target of Nationalist hatred, abuse, and bullets.

The Kapp *Putsch* of March 1920, an attempt of the extreme right and of rebel generals to seize power, was defeated by a general strike, while the Reichswehr under General von Seeckt remained neutral. And yet, once the *Putsch* was over, Ebert, to avoid chaos, had to renew with Seeckt the pact of November 1918; and when workers, armed during the *Putsch*, refused to disarm, they were ruthlessly put down by the Free Corps. Again, when, during and after the Ruhr occupation, revolutionary and separatist movements broke out in various parts of Germany, the government of the Reich was entrusted to Seeckt and the Reichswehr, the artificers and guardians of the German unitary state.

What mattered to Seeckt was the restoration of German power. Political strife being detrimental to discipline, he made the Reichswehr eschew sterile ambitions and adventures: aristocratic in character, ideologically linked up with the old Army, under him it kept aloof from current politics. Technically he made it a military microcosm capable of unlimited expansion. With an intake of a mere 8,000 a year, he could insist on high standards of physical and intellectual fitness. At one time there were 40,000 N.C.O.s among its statutory 96,000 'other ranks': this was to be an army not of mercenaries but of leaders. Seeckt envisaged the future war as one of movement, to be waged by comparatively small armies of high quality. The necessary equipment, denied to Germany by the peace treaty, he would obtain from Soviet Russia; for him and the Reichswehr she was the natural ally, France an implacable enemy, and Poland's very existence was intolerable: the Russo-German frontier of 1914 was to be restored. Close contact was secretly maintained with the Red General Staff; aircraft, motors, etc., were to be manufactured in Russia; tank and flying schools were established with German participation. New types of weapons were studied, and ordnance works in neutral countries were brought under German control; in December 1925, the month of the Locarno Agreements, Krupp acquired a controlling interest in the great Bofors works in Sweden, to manufacture there the latest patterns of heavy guns, anti-aircraft guns, and tanks.

Stresemann wished to conciliate the Western Powers in order to expedite the end of Allied military occupation. His aim was the same as Seeckt's: the restoration of the German *Machtstaat*. From a study of the available evidence, Mr. Wheeler-Bennett and the eminent American historian, Professor Sontag, have reached the conclusion that Stresemann, holder of the Nobel Peace Prize, was well-informed of Seeckt's policy and fully aware of Germany's illegal rearmament, first in Russia and later in Germany. A renewal of Germany's aggressive force was well and truly secured, and had they been able to complete their work, Germany's frontiers and dominance would have been re-established and extended by a different version either of Munich or of the Ribbentrop-Molotov treaty.

Ebert died in February 1925, and Hindenburg, in his seventy-ninth year, became his successor. The President was now actual Supreme Commander of the armed forces and his military entourage started

dabbling in politics—foremost, Kurt von Schleicher, a brilliant staff officer with a passion for intrigue. Seeckt resigned in October 1926. His period, writes Mr. Wheeler-Bennett, 'had seen the German Army established as the strongest single political factor within the state, the recognised guardian of the Reich; the Schleicher period saw the descent of the Army into the arena of political intrigue, with a consequent besmirching of its reputation and the ultimate destruction of its authority'.

Schleicher is to Mr. Wheeler-Bennett 'the evil genius of the later Weimar Period'. In time of parliamentary decay and political confusion a clever intriguer in the entourage of Hindenburg, that senile *faux bon homme*, could indeed do infinite harm. Yet so far as the Reichswehr is concerned, can the blame be squarely placed on his shoulders? Was Seeckt's political aloofness ever sincere? Did not his attitude to revolt vary with the quarter from which it came? By 1930, as Mr. Wheeler-Bennett points out, both officers and the rank and file of the Reichswehr were infected with Nazism. When, by order of Gröner, then Minister of Defence, three subalterns were prosecuted for Nazi propaganda, their Colonel, the later General Beck, leader of the conspiracy of July 20, 1944, defended them: 'The Reichswehr', he said, 'is told daily that it is an army of leaders. What is a young officer to understand by that?' A year later Seeckt himself appeared on Hitler's platform at the Harzburg Rally. And when, in April 1932, Gröner, the man with the cleanest record in that sordid period, tried to suppress the S.A. and the S.S., he was told by Schleicher that he 'no longer enjoyed the confidence of the Army'. They were dreaming 'of a martial state in which the masses, galvanised and inspired by modified National Socialism, would be directed and disciplined by the Army'.

In the early days of the Third Reich, the Army was a petted favourite, deferred to in all things; they, in turn, preserved impervious equanimity toward the ever-increasing horrors of Nazi terror and the moral record of the S.A. But within a year a situation was developing of supreme danger for the Army: while its guardian, Hindenburg, was rapidly declining, Röhm, at the head of 2,500,000 disgruntled Storm Troopers, demanded that the army should be merged with the Nazi para-military formations. Then a compact was concluded between Hitler and Blomberg, and unanimously accepted by the senior officers: the Army was to support Hitler for the presidency, and in return he undertook to put an end to the military claims of Röhm and the S.A. Hitler's part of the bargain was fulfilled in the Blood Purge of June 30; but other disputes also were settled that day by murder. The upper ranks of the military hierarchy had been well aware of what was coming, and by permitting the butchery which rid them of rivals accepted the moral standards of the Third Reich. On July 25 followed the murder of Dollfuss. But when Hindenburg died on August 1, and Hitler proclaimed himself Führer and Reich Chancellor, Blomberg, Fritsch, and Raeder, followed by all the armed forces, took an oath of personal fealty to him. They became Hitler's Army.

Hitler Flouts the Army

In March 1935 Hitler announced Germany's rearmament and introduced conscription, which filled the ranks with young Nazis. A year later, against opposition from the military, he took what seemed a mad risk by marching into the Rhineland, and scored a victory over his hesitant generals: now the last remnant of respect vanished from his attitude towards them. Even within the Reich they ceased to be a serious political factor. They had been great while Socialist ministers reverently deferred to their judgment; they grew puny when roughly handled by Nazi toughs. On November 5, 1937, Hitler expounded to them his plans with regard to Austria and Czechoslovakia. Once more they were appalled at the risks he proposed to take. Still, it was not over basic issues but over Blomberg's marriage and the Fritsch scandal that, in January 1938, an acute crisis broke out among the top ranks of the German Army. For the first time they rose against the iniquities of the Gestapo because one of their own body was the victim. Even so their action was ill-concerted and ineffective; and interest in that disgusting and farcical story vanished when Hitler successfully invaded Austria.

Pastor Dietrich Bonhoeffer, executed by the Nazis in April 1945, said in 1940, at the peak of Nazi successes: 'If we claim to be Christians, there is no room for expediency. Hitler is anti-Christ. Therefore we must go on with our work and eliminate him whether he be successful or not'. And Bonhoeffer prayed for the defeat of Germany, for, said he, 'only in defeat can we atone for the terrible

crimes we have committed against Europe and the world'. There were Germans who opposed Hitler on moral grounds, and honour must be done to their memory. But, writes Mr. Wheeler-Bennett, their number was 'small beyond belief in a nation of 80,000,000'. The opposition in the summer of 1938 was not against war but against the horrifying prospect of a war which Germany might not win. Accurate knowledge of Germany's weakness and an inaccurate evaluation of the strength and courage of the powers opposed to her roused resistance to Hitler in military circles. Was there a serious plot against him, baulked by Chamberlain's journeys to Berchtesgaden and Munich? Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's examination of 'that carefully organised uprising which withered at the first touch of reality' discloses ineptitude in planning and fatal hesitancy in execution, and the rapidity with which the conspirators seized an excuse for inaction is, he writes, 'at least an indication of their unreadiness'.

On that conspiracy, much publicised at the Nuremberg trials, followed a long, almost unbroken period of plotting, of amateurish efforts, and academic discussion, and finally the coup of July 20, 1944, again remarkable for ineptitude and hesitancy in execution. Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's analysis of the available mass of evidence enables the reader to see those conspiracies as one whole, and as part of the history of the German Officer Corps, or rather of its top-ranking circles. For while a majority of these, at one time or another, participated in conspiratorial talks, or at least were cognizant of them, nothing is known of a revolutionary ferment among junior officers or among the rank and file.

These German resisters, generals joined by diplomats and high civil servants, were opposed to Hitler on technical and professional grounds: they agreed with the aims of his foreign policy, and at each stage wished to consolidate the gains secured by him, but feared that his methods would engulf Germany in fresh disaster. Hence the spirit of resistance in them rose or dropped in accordance with the dangers he incurred or the successes he achieved. Moral disapproval was at best a contributory factor, usually weak, or it was altogether absent: before Hitler plunged into foreign adventures most of these men had readily served him, undeterred by his crimes. In November 1939, one of the military chiefs thus defined his attitude toward revolt against Hitler: 'The military situation of Germany', he said, 'particularly on account of the pact of non-aggression with Russia, is such that a breach of my oath to the Führer could not possibly be justified'. Conscience determined by fine calculations and foresight unsupported by moral convictions makes neither effective rebels nor heroes. Hence the ineffectiveness of the plot of July 20, 1944.

As the Russian armies were pressing on and German cities were reduced to rubble by Anglo-American bombing, a sense of urgency arose among the plotters. Once rid of Hitler they counted on being able to negotiate, and the only way to eliminate Hitler satisfactorily was to kill him. But why did the many plots against his life all fail? Why did a conspiracy of unequalled dimensions, with exceptional facilities and means, fail to achieve in seven years what in other countries is often done by groups of insignificant conspirators? Because most of the would-be German assassins called off at the last moment; while two attempts which were carried through mark a new technique in tyrannicide: murder by indirect fire, *in absentia*. Had Count Stauffenberg, instead of leaving behind a time bomb, handled it himself, he would have died twelve hours earlier than he did, but Hitler would have died with him.

There is cogency in the argument of Erich Kordt, who himself claims to have planned in 1939 Hitler's assassination, but admits to having dropped the idea 'with suspicious speed'. 'Few', he writes, 'are prepared to strive for an end and renounce seeing it accomplished'; and 'all watchfulness . . . can protect a tyrant only against those who mean to witness the sequel . . .'. The plotters of July 20 were to witness the horrible sequel of an attempt that failed.

Time after time before the war Hitler had proved right and his generals had proved wrong; but over questions of policy and not of strategy. During the war even in these his judgment repeatedly triumphed over theirs. Their prestige and authority consequently dwindled, while the disdainful insolence and the ruthless brutality with which Hitler treated them grew beyond bounds. After July 20, 1944, he could give vent to long suppressed feelings: he had the aristocratic military caste in the hollow of his hand. 'You dirty old man', shouted the Nazi judge Freisler at an ex-Field Marshal; 'You are a filthy rascal', at another officer. They, for their part, made 'pitiable attempts to excuse themselves', and 'not one of them', writes Mr. Wheeler-Bennett, 'could muster up the strength of will to interrupt the flow of Freisler's obscene rhetoric and to make it clear . . . why they stood in the dock and why they would shortly die'. 'It is my wish that they be hanged like cattle', decreed Hitler; and they were hanged on meat hooks screwed into the ceiling.

And those not directly implicated in the plot? The failure of a few 'to carry out what all had known to be necessary' left the Officer Corps fawning and frightened. They were ordered to give in future the Hitler salute, and to declare their adherence to National Socialism. 'None resigned, none resisted', 'The Nemesis of Power' had overtaken the once-proud Officer Corps.—*Third Programme*

Latin American Aspirations

J. A. CAMACHO gives the sixth of eight talks

ABOUT twenty years ago, on a visit to the city of São Paulo, I met a Brazilian landowner; he was a man of great wealth and culture, whose family name has been known and respected in São Paulo for centuries. He owned vast coffee *fazendas*. Six months of the year he lived in Brazil, looked after his family interests, discussed wearisome business matters with his lawyers, and yearned for the moment when he could get away—to Europe: to hear music in Italy, buy pictures, books, and wine in Paris, and visit the London theatres. In the same year, and in the same city, I met another *fazendeiro*, less wealthy, but not unprosperous. He was on an annual visit to São Paulo to buy supplies. He was told I came from London. 'Londres, pois não', he said, and then, rather doubtfully, 'Aquela cidade não está no Brasil, não é?'—'That city isn't in Brazil, is it?'

It would be difficult to suggest that the aspirations of these two *fazendeiros* had anything in common. How much more difficult to lump together the aspirations of Brazilian Indians of the Nhamiquara tribe, hardly out of the stone age, and slick politicians in Rio de Janeiro or Buenos Aires; of pushing business men with fraternity pins in Mexico City or Caracas, and the Amerindians of the Orinoco Valley or Yucatan; or of Pomeranian farmers in Santa Catarina, and Negro stokers on the river boats of the Magdalena. The fact is that in many republics large sections of the population have not yet been assimilated into the

national consciousness. It is said, for example, that something like a third of the population of Peru cannot speak Spanish, and an even larger proportion is illiterate. It is not, therefore, surprising that so many Latin American republics are relatively little concerned with matters beyond their frontiers. They have too much to do at home. Mass education, like the campaign against *analfabetismo*, launched in Mexico by Jaime Torres Bodet, when he was Minister of Education some years before he became Director General of Unesco—education in hygiene, medical services, social welfare; communications, air, road, and rail; irrigation, flood control, survey and exploration—these and other problems that in western Europe have been tackled gradually over the centuries are being rushed through at a tremendous pace in Latin America.

Few of the Republics can afford to dissipate their energies in foreign conflicts, although in the last war some 20,000 Brazilian troops distinguished themselves on the Italian front, and Mexican airmen did well in the Pacific, while a battalion of Colombian soldiers was until recently fighting in Korea. Fundamentally, it is mostly with themselves that Latin Americans are concerned: some of the more backward Indians, because they know of little beyond their horizon; the *mestizo* peasants because they are not sure whether London is in Brazil; and the more educated classes because there is so much to do at home. In any attempt

to analyse the aspirations of Latin Americans as a whole, only a section of the population can be taken into account—the educated and politically conscious minority—for it is they who determine the climate of public opinion.

In western Europe and the United States, the industrial revolution achieved something that we are apt to take for granted, particularly in northern Europe. The late nineteenth century glorified work and effort. Many of us take it for granted that the man who works hard and is financially successful is worthy not only of admiration but of emulation. But it would be hard to condemn on moral grounds the beachcomber, idling his life on golden shores in the Pacific. And in countries like Latin America, where until comparatively recently labour was cheap and plentiful, and the bounties of nature sufficient fully to satisfy the needs of a small population, work and effort have never been glorified to the same extent among the educated classes. Nevertheless, there has been and is a driving force. It goes a different way to work, but in the long run it may well achieve much the same sort of result.

'Divine Discontent'

There is a word in Spanish which I have never been able to translate really satisfactorily. It is *inquietudes*: a combination of restlessness and anxiety, of ambition and dissatisfaction, a desire for change in oneself and one's surroundings. Perhaps it would be best to translate it as 'divine discontent'. *Inquietudes* is a word much bandied about among the educated youth of Latin America. It is much heard in the universities; it is frequently used among the juniors of the commercial class; and though not so common among the older members of the community, it is still there. But the point about *inquietudes* is that though it implies ambition, it does not suggest in which direction that ambition lies. Much the same can be said of 'divine discontent'. Few Latin Americans would be prepared to try to define the communal aspirations of all the peoples of the twenty republics. In this analysis, therefore, I am conscious that I must tread warily and that not everyone will agree with the opinions I express.

We do not have to turn to Latin America to discover that human nature is perverse, not least in its ambitions. The historian would like to distinguish himself in philosophy, the journalist sees himself as a Cabinet Minister, and in general most of us would like to achieve success in some field other than our chosen or accidental specialisation. Throughout the nineteenth century, and indeed for many years before, the specialisation of Latin America was the production of raw materials, food, and minerals. This characteristic was inevitably associated with a colonial status. Not unnaturally, therefore, one of the principal pre-occupations of Latin Americans has been the urgent desire to outgrow a colonial economy. They have had good reasons for this. They have seen foreign enterprises handle their public utilities and exploit their natural riches, and they have seen the profits spent in London and New York, in Amsterdam and Paris, and even in Brussels or Rome. Furthermore, they have seen these foreign enterprises often reluctant to expand their organisations, so that the services they provide can keep abreast of the needs of a swelling population with a rising standard of living. It matters not at all that the unwillingness of foreign investors to venture new capital is often justifiable and due to unsettled political conditions; from the Latin American point of view expropriation, national ownership, and state control often appear to be the only sensible solution.

But there is more to it than this, for two world wars have cut Latin America off from the main sources of industrial production: western Europe and the United States of America. Consumer goods, and above all machinery and capital goods, were denied to them; their economic independence was unmasked as a fiction, their comfort and their prosperity were affected. The anti-colonial complex has not therefore been just a matter of emotion, and it is not surprising that in relatively recent years we have seen oil expropriated in Mexico and railways expropriated in Argentina and Brazil. Nor is it surprising that nearly all new schemes for the development of light and power, for the irrigation of land, for the provision of communications, are state-controlled, and as often as not largely state-owned. This, too, explains the fever for industrialisation, the mushroom growth of cities like São Paulo in Brazil and Medellín in Colombia, and the springing up of great industrial suburbs on the outskirts of Mexico City and Buenos Aires.

One may not like these developments, and one may condemn them as examples of economic nationalism, even of xenophobia, but there can be no doubting their inevitability. This does not mean that all examples of expropriation, however adequate the compensation, and of limiting legislation directed against the foreign investor, are wholly justifiable;

Latin American statesmen and politicians are as prone to mistakes as any others. And in countries where the margin between prosperity and poverty is a narrow one, a mistake can be more disastrous than in the older established or wealthier economies of western Europe and the United States. The fact remains, however, that economic independence ranks high among the aspirations of the peoples of Latin America.

The desire to outgrow a colonial status is not limited to industry, utilities, and economic matters generally. It invades, too, the field of politics. The desire to escape from foreign tutelage, which has been so apparent in Asian countries in the twentieth century, was a conscious aspiration of Latin Americans in the early nineteenth; it is inherent in the revolutions and wars of independence. But Latin Americans soon discovered that the right to rule themselves was not the same thing as the capacity to defend themselves. They were made aware, for example, that their independence rested largely on the strength of the British Navy. Even the Monroe Doctrine would have been an empty gesture if the Royal Navy had not been there to back it.

Maximilian's unfortunate adventure in Mexico rammed the lesson home, for the French troops under Marshal Bazaine could hardly have landed at Vera Cruz if the earlier stages of the adventure had not had the support of Spain and Britain, and if the United States had not found itself involved in civil war. The patient and tenacious resistance of the Indian President, Benito Juárez, stirred the imagination and awakened the pride of many Amerindians and *mestizos* far south of the Mexican border. Nor was this abortive imperial experiment the only occasion on which Latin Americans learned how vulnerable they were: British and German cruisers off the coast of Venezuela in 1902, Theodore Roosevelt's policy of 'the big stick', the revolution of Panama, and American Marines in Nicaragua, Haiti, and the Dominican Republic, did nothing to make for any feeling of friendship for the foreigner. In fact, in some ways it is surprising that there should not be in Latin America a deep and widespread xenophobia.

Nevertheless, there is still revealed, from time to time, some mistrust of the foreigner: the Latin American politician who seems to flirt too much with foreign governments does not long retain his hold on popular support. The pro-American Ezequiel Padilla, ex-Foreign Minister of Mexico, is one example. And the suspected crypto-communist, Lombardo Toledano, President of the Latin American Confederation of Workers, is another. President Perón loses no popularity by borrowing the vocabulary of Moscow propagandists for his assaults against Wall Street and the City of London; although, of course, he gets no dollars, which perhaps accounts for rather softer words and friendlier manners in recent weeks.

However, none of this alters the fact that Latin Americans are conscious of their vulnerability. Even in the recent war, German submarines operating in the Caribbean and on the Atlantic coast did serious harm to what trade was possible for Latin America in the conditions of a world war. Certainly, in the case of Brazil, it was the immediate cause of what her statesmen refused to call a declaration of war and preferred to describe as the recognition of a state of war. This realisation of insufficient capacity for self-defence is a factor in favour of greater unity. Often, in the Councils of the United Nations, the Latin American Republics vote as a single bloc; and the fact that they do this of their own free will is borne out by the few occasions when they oppose each other. The realisation that only unity can bring strength accounts, too, for some measure of success achieved by the Pan-American Union, under the leadership of the United States.

The Ideal of Unity

But here again it is not a recent development we are dealing with; it was Simón Bolívar, the Liberator, who first thought in terms of American union, and who proposed the first pan-American congress in Panama. The ideal of unity, of the creation of a single federal state, able to stand upon its own feet and to talk on terms of equality with its powerful northern neighbour, has been behind many political movements in Latin America. Peronismo is only one of them: President Perón's courting of his neighbours, his recent treaty with Chile, and his even more recent visit to Paraguay, are all signs and symptoms of the same desire. Much the same thing is thought to have been in the mind of the left-wing leaders of many of the Caribbean Republics, who towards the end of the last world war are said to have met together in Barranquilla in the north of Colombia, and to have made plans for seizing the reins of power in each of their respective countries—among them Guatemala, Colombia, and Venezuela. They achieved only limited and mostly short-lived successes. But it is interesting that this left-wing movement is

said to have had some ties, though perhaps no more than those of sympathy, with the government of the Revolutionary Party of Mexico, which has been in power since 1911, with the Socialists of Chile, and with *Aprismo*. About *Aprismo* I would like to say a word or two. Not so much because it is in itself an important force, but because it is symptomatic and in some respects representative of the aspirations of some Latin Americans.

Nearly thirty years ago, Haya de la Torre, a young Peruvian, attended lectures at the London School of Economics, and at Ruskin College in Oxford. He was of upper-class Creole origin from the town of Trujillo in the north of Peru. He had been educated in the University of San Marcos in Lima, and that of Córdoba in Argentina; in Lima he had started a movement for the extra-mural education of the underprivileged; he had achieved the basis of a political movement; and he had been exiled. There followed travels to London, Oxford, Hamburg, Berlin, Moscow, Havana, Panama, and Mexico—combined with brief political successes at home and long periods of living in hiding and underground activity. That is the summary of the story of his early life. It was while in exile, and in part, it is said, inspired by friends in Mexico, that he founded the Popular American Revolutionary Alliance, *Alianza Popular Revolucionaria Americana*—Apra—a movement which included in its ideals the political awakening of the peasant Indians and *mestizos*, and an alliance of the peoples of Latin America, which would lead ultimately to a single federal union. But these were ultimate aims, and while Apra has sympathisers, it has never succeeded in finding any mass following or support outside Peru.

But inside Peru there is, or at least there was, a great deal of support for Haya, the champion of the underdog, the herald of a new era of prosperity for the Indian and *mestizo*. His visit to Moscow, and his left-wing views have opened him to the accusation of being a communist. This he denies; he is, he says, as much in sympathy with the views of the British Labour Party as it is possible to be in the very different circumstances of Peru. Communism, he adds, is not applicable to Latin America. Imperialism may be the inevitable development of capitalism, but in Latin America, thinks Haya de la Torre, it is the other way round. At the present moment *Aprismo* is in the doldrums, although in the 1945 elections it secured more votes than any other single political party in Peru. The assassination of a right-wing leader has been attributed to the *Apristas*, and Haya de la Torre has taken refuge in the Colombian Embassy in Lima, where he is the subject of bitter controversy and legal disputes between the Peruvian and Colombian governments.

But *Aprismo* and *Peronismo*, whether one approves of them or not, in some respects spring from similar aspirations. For example, Haya de la Torre thinks of Apra as the Peruvian equivalent of the British Labour Party, and in the 1945 elections the supporters of Perón called

themselves *laboristas*. Another common aspect is the desire to achieve national maturity, which it is increasingly recognised can really come about only with the emancipation of the underdog, the *descamisados* of President Perón, and the illiterate Indians of Peru and Mexico. That is why, if the desire for emancipation is recognised as the main aspiration of Latin America, then it can be added, as Professor Humphreys suggested last week, that at the beginning of the nineteenth century the emphasis was on politics, at the end of the nineteenth and beginning of the twentieth it was on economics, and today it could be said to be primarily social. But no hard and fast divisions can be drawn. The political phase overlapped the economic, and the economic has by no means ended today.

I have said something about the forces that make for unity in Latin America, and perhaps not enough about the forces that make for disunity; disunity between the Republics, and internal disunity in each of them: disputes between right and left, between clericals and anti-clericals, between capital and labour, and rivalries between the nations. Argentina, for example, has always aspired to be the leader of the nations of Latin America, because Argentina could truly claim to be the most advanced of the nations of Latin America. But today Brazil, because of its size in area and population and because of the rapid progress it has made in recent years, is inevitably—almost reluctantly—taking the lead. Some twenty years ago, Argentina's foreign trade was double that of Brazil, and Argentina's imports of machinery and capital goods also far outstripped those of her northern neighbour. Today the position is reversed. In the north, the Republics of Colombia, Venezuela, and Ecuador recall that when they won their independence under the leadership of Bolívar, they formed the single nation of Gran Colombia. There are those among them today who still harbour this ideal of unity. One experiment in this direction recently was the formation of a combined merchant fleet—the merchant fleet of Gran Colombia; but only the other day Venezuela withdrew her ships. In Central America, too, there is some feeling for a return to the unity of the revolutionary period, but here, too, jealousies and rivalries, and the opposing ideologies of the various governments, prevent any practical steps. Perhaps subconsciously the politicians and senior civil servants realise that they have a personal vested interest in perpetuating the *status quo*. Whether improved communications and increasing political maturity will ultimately overcome these difficulties, it is too early yet to say.

Economic independence, capacity for self-defence, higher standards of living—these perhaps are the basic aspirations of Latin Americans. If it were possible to sum up in a single sentence, it might be fair to say that Latin Americans are tired of hearing their countries described as 'young'. Their main ambition is maturity. But, as always, different men, different political parties, and different countries each prefer different ways of achieving the same goal.—*Third Programme*

The Task of the Critic of Architecture

By R. FURNEAUX JORDAN

THE critic may be rather a shadowy figure in our busy modern world, but whatever kind of art we are thinking of he would seem to have become a necessary link between artist and people.

So far as our whole society is concerned, and its attitude to life, I can imagine no more damning statement than that. If art needs explanation or interpretation, then there is something rotten in the State of Denmark. But it does and there is. In those far-off golden ages when painting, sculpture, architecture, drama, poetry, music were all part of life—and when the cathedrals were white or the Parthenon was new such ages were real—then so far from needing the written word to explain them, one reason for their existing at all was to reveal mysteries or beauties to illiterate thousands.

All that is dead and gone. Shakespeare, Holbein, and the last Gothic masons saw the end of it. From the time of Queen Elizabeth I to that of the Prince Regent, art did, of course, achieve many superb things—Elizabethan mansions, Restoration drama, Georgian squares, terraces at Bath, and so on—but the nature of the artist had changed. Once upon a time, in those golden ages, he had, as an unnamed workman, touched

the pulse of life, as an aircraft designer does today. He had been real. But from the Renaissance, art had become part of a snob culture.

That sort of art, when in due course it was faced with all the philistinism, vulgarity, and squalor of Victorian industry, could only retreat. The artist became the eccentric, the Bohemian, or, at best, the romantic dreamer, dreaming of lost golden ages. Into that picture we can fit a Keats or a Tennyson, a Turner or a Pre-Raphaelite painter, or the building of sham Gothic churches. The real artist of the Victorian age, his finger on the pulse of life, was the engineer with his railways, viaducts, and great iron roofs. The architects could only get into a huddle and argue about style. The merchant's mansion, the new church in the leafy suburb: should they be Gothic, Classic, Flemish, Byzantine? Who cared? Architecture no longer mattered. The population was growing: thirty million, forty million, fifty million in a hundred years, and half of them jammed into five big cities. Urbanism—the art of making towns, towns human and urbane—became a condition of survival: it still is. Yet even now architects can waste time and money putting Georgian doorways on to glass and steel factories; even now Property is out to

ruin the City of London; even now, despite fantastic efforts, the new towns are to be reduced to suburban sprawls. It is from its own inbred madness that architecture has had to be rescued in the past; it is to a pardonably bewildered people and government that a new kind of architecture now has to be explained. The critic comes upon the scene when an art has gone wrong.

Does this, I wonder, explain the fulminations, the hysteria, of critics a century ago—Ruskin and Pugin—or the revolutionary outlook of a critic such as William Morris? Does it not also, perhaps, explain the dilemma of the critic today? We have, thanks to a hundred years of criticism and teaching, gone a little way towards exorcising that inbred obsession with style and facade, a little way even towards realising what, in those golden ages, was the basis of architecture. That basis is to use well and efficiently the best techniques of one's own age to solve the problems of one's own age. Whether, in fact, that means using stone to build cathedrals or steel to build schools, is neither here nor there; it is irrelevant to the validity of the principle. The basis of a living architecture, its finger on the pulse of life, is the use of contemporary methods to solve contemporary problems. In principle, the use of all the resources of science, industry, and thought to make the Welfare State work. Art is not a by-product, still less the adding of pretty bits of planning for a picturesque result; it is in itself the efficient, sensitive, and intelligent application of the principle. Therefore, the furtherance or defiance of the principle, by the architect, can be the only basis for criticism.

In spite of this clear principle, architectural criticism has certain problems; these not only make the critic's job difficult, they also make it different in kind from that of other critics. First, the architectural critic is not yet an established or recognised person at all. The theatre or book world may not relish even honest castigation, but they invite it because they know that the critic is their *compère* without whom their public would be all at sea. The great mass of building in this country is, however, a utilitarian necessity. It could also be part of a great art, but in actual fact it reflects current criticism, if at all, only in a debased form. This great mass of building should, of course, be very much the concern of the people—it is part of their visual world—but, because it is not paid for by them, it neither needs nor asks for critical interpretation. The result, inevitably, is the product of a taste so confused, and of a building industry so obsolete, as to be beneath criticism. If anyone—builders included—resent that remark, then let them look into their hearts and ask themselves whether the fragments of the suburban ring that they have in the last fifty years put around every town in Britain, the fragments of the chain-stores they have put in every High Street, will, in the year 2453, be catalogued and treasured as we now catalogue and treasure even the most commonplace fragments of 1453.

Building Worthy of Criticism

We can therefore take it for granted that if any modern building or town plan receives public criticism, it is either—as, say, the new City of London—of intrinsic importance apart from its merits; or else it has real architectural interest. If it is of architectural interest, then if the critic mixes blame with his praise, remember that he does so at a high level, and only because the building has not quite lived up to that basic principle of modern architecture without which it would never even have come within his range at all. Against the great bulk of it he can only reiterate principles.

More and more buildings are being paid for out of the public purse, and almost any building is obviously a matter of public interest. Even so, architectural criticism is not yet generally accepted as in the public interest; it is not yet a habit. It is only recently that it has become usual to invite the press to criticise architecturally important schemes. The plans for the new London airport and the L.C.C.'s new proposals for the South Bank, to take only two examples, were recently presented at press conferences. The architectural critic, however, does not yet feel free to go out into the street and slang the latest office block or housing scheme, thereby implying that Mr. X, the architect, has mis-spent half-a-million of his client's money. There would soon be trouble.

Architectural criticism reflects the truism that architecture itself is something between an art and a business. Those engaged in industry do not expect to be criticised as theatre managers and publishers do. They cannot see that it is in their own interest, most building is a commercial product and looks it. The architect can choose. If he regards himself as a cog in our huge commercial machine, then he is likely to be regarded in that way by others. His work will not come within the critics' range. If he regards architecture as a serious and practical

contemporary art, then the critics will treat it as such. And, as any author knows, a serious analysis is worth a dozen brief paeans of praise.

The architectural critic today is trying to explain and interpret to the public something of incredible complexity. To take a random example: the citizens of London paid for the Festival Hall; it is theirs. Architecturally it bears no resemblance to the Albert Hall, to the old Queen's Hall, or indeed to any building with which they are likely to be familiar. They are entitled to an explanation. An architect may tell them that he finds clarity of form and beauty of colour in the auditorium, that the foyers are ingeniously devised to look out upon the river, or that he feels the external mass to be clumsy. That may be one man's opinion: it might pass if we were dealing with a painting rather than a building; it is not serious architectural criticism. For that the critic would need to have the opinion of Sir Adrian Boult or Toscanini, also of the man who controls the ventilating plant. He would, in addition, have to realise the nature of the problem that faced a brilliant team of English and Danish acoustic experts; to grasp the complexities of seating and sight lines and of rapid and smooth exit, the arrangement of levels and the relationship of the whole to a long-term plan for London. All these problems had to be first stated, then solved by a group of highly trained technicians, mainly anonymous, just as if they were working in a factory or, for that matter, upon a fourteenth-century cathedral.

Research behind the New Schools

A similar, but possibly more complicated, story could also be told of the post-war research—technical, educational, aesthetic—that lies behind the best of our new schools; few enough, but those few the best in the world.

We cannot all understand all these things in a technical sense; it is, however, the critic's job to tell us the kind of context in which a modern building happens, the kind of problem for which it claims to be a solution; to make it clear—if it is a good building—that it is not any longer the whim of one man—the 'architect'—playing about with pencil and paper. The critic may find himself pointing out that it is, like all great artefacts or works of man, the net result, almost the inevitable result, of applying scientific and contemporary techniques to specific contemporary problems. That, as I said at the beginning, is the basic principle of all great building. Compared with the building of a mansion by Robert Adam in the eighteenth century, with three or four clerks and some country masons to help him, ours would seem to be another world: as, indeed, it is. Being a very complicated world, basic principles are easily lost. Only when the implications of our world, with all its science and industry, are faced rather than feared, can we have a living architecture. That surely is the yardstick by which the critic must measure achievement.

For over a hundred years architecture has been a mess. In the next hundred it will need much interpretation to the people; it will be in the throes of becoming a great science without forgetting that it was once a great art. It can once again be a great art only if it is first a great science. It is different from the other arts because that is its dual nature.—*Home Service*

The Harbour of Enchantment

The streets are stirring. Darkness lifts. A day is dawning. Points of light appear. The sun of fresh adventures and a world begun expand towards the sea and light the way to power . . . The sailors leave the shore, their gay flat scenery to paint with fire, and run towards a noon whose burning hammers stun the world they leave behind . . .

Although men say the urban streets they lose are beautiful and nothing more, by broken archways seen are falling leaves and petals and a gleam of worlds unreachable, sublime, subtle and infinitely sweet, and rich and keen: disturbing as a slow, nostalgic dream.

DWIGHT SMITH

'A Great Arab and a Great Man'

A tribute to His late Majesty King Abd al-'Aziz Ibn-Sa'ud by SIR RONALD STORRS

HERE passed from the world last week one of those arresting, enigmatic figures, cast up, at unpredictable intervals, by the uncharted vastness of the Arabian Desert; from whom, of course, there stands out as incomparably the greatest, the Prophet Muhammad. His late Majesty, first Shaikh, then Sultan, and then King, Abd al-'Aziz Ibn Sa'ud, began his long and dazzling career, which was to culminate in the utmost fulfilment of his mission, when but twenty years old. He was born in exile, where he profited by the ripe wisdom of his host, the Shaikh Mubarak al-Sabah of Kuwait; and was convinced by his example that the friendship of Great Britain was essential to the prosperity and independence of Arabia.

Ibn Sa'ud found Arabia of the eighteenthies in a state of anarchy, turbulence, and civil war; quelling all of which by his strong hand, he united his original kingdom, Najd, with the Hejaz, so quickly that his father lived to see him give his name, Saudi-Arabia, to a sub-continent, and to achieve a position unparalleled in Arabian history since the immediate successors of Muhammad himself. Quite suddenly, the tribal politics of central Arabia are raised and merged with those of the Middle East, and so of the world.

Security has been established where it was never known before; motor transport has added to the comfort of the Mecca pilgrims, and these modernisms have been interestingly combined with the patriarchal system of the desert. The King attended with his people the Friday prayers at the Great Mosque of Mecca. Sitting in the open air, he gave judgment upon law-breakers or between contending litigants with an immediate justice—unimpeded, uncomplicated, unprotracted by lawyers, juries, or courts of appeal. These traditional methods, though not necessarily applicable elsewhere, any more than the British parliamentary system seems to succeed in all the other states that have attempted to adopt it, were understood, appreciated and unquestionably accepted by his subjects as the immemorial custom of the country. He was no lover of titles or decorations, and could be familiarly addressed by the humblest petitioner as 'Ya Abd al-'Aziz'. He was as simple and direct in his manner as our own beloved Kings George V and George VI.

So I found him during the hour's audience he was pleased to accord me in the Green Palace of Jeddah about midway in the recent war. I recognised in him every quality associated with the Arab warrior chieftain at his best: a figure cast in heroic mould. He sat erect (despite his advanced age) and well over six feet tall, in a throne-like seat, clothed in plain Arab headdress—*kuffiya*, cloak—*abaya* and *kuftan*; and wearing on his bare feet easy sandals which he let fall off when absorbed in discussion.

He was shrewd but not cunning, and, unlike so many minor 'great men', wise rather than merely clever: a statesman rather than a politician. He seemed to despise press campaigns, demonstrations and generally, all forms of organised public indignation; strongly preferring face to face, man to man talks, in which he spoke with complete and sometimes disconcerting frankness, neither sparing his 'opponent'—though not therefore considering him as his 'enemy'—nor hesitating to give him a 'piece'—and an outright piece—of his mind'. Yet he realised that, in diplomacy, neither side ever gets, or should get, 100

per cent. of its initial minimum demands: that there should be no victories or defeats in negotiations.

Although leader by conviction as well as by inherited succession of the most extreme and austere of all the Muslim sects—the Wahhabi's—he was entirely tolerant of those who professed or believed in the other religions of the three great Peoples of The Book, *Ahl al-Kitab*: Muslims, Christians, and Jews. If he disagreed with or opposed any of these it was over specific political differences: never solely on account of different faiths. But he was a true and traditional Muslim in mistrusting materialists and atheists who neither professed nor acknowledged any God whatever.

King Ibn-Sa'ud stands forth as the embodiment of Aristotle's 'beneficent despot': exercising to the full his self-achieved and supreme power, without abusing it. Such systems initiate and consolidate, but they hardly ever perpetuate. It is creditable to the far-sighted policy of his late Majesty that arrangements have for some years been operative for a steady devolution of power. Yet it would be idle to pretend that these arrangements bore much resemblance to modern administration. His Ministers and his councils were consultative only, not deliberative; he could, if he chose, ask their advice—but he need not take it.

The importance of King Ibn-Sa'ud and of his realm was suddenly and dramatically reinforced by the discovery of oil. Here, again, he showed his constancy to the free English-speaking powers by rejecting far higher offers from Germany and Japan, and accepting those of the United States. The oil wells proved more magical than Aladdin's lamp, for a Government which could raise barely £100,000 annual revenue in 1917 found itself in 1949 enjoying royalties of £30,000,000, which have now mounted to £53,000,000. These enabled the King to provide roads, hospitals, schools, pipelines for water, and harbour buildings. The car has driven out the camel—now no longer ridden, but eaten.

This dazzling shower of gold naturally encouraged profusion—even waste, and a luxury remote indeed from the old Wahhabi austerity, against which tendencies time must be allowed for both governing and governed to adapt their way of life.

Ibn-Sa'ud remained till his death a faithful friend to his own earliest friend and ally, Great Britain. Even in the stress of the recent war, when Anglo-American policy in Palestine had aroused the bitter indignation of the Arab world, from which nazis and fascists alike were only too eager to profit—and indeed made several attempts to undermine his loyalty—the King's voice was always raised for the maintenance of faithfulness to the power that has been, of all, the earliest, most consistent, and disinterested friend and supporter of the Arab peoples. They have lost a great Arab, a great Muslim, a great man; and Britain a good friend. God rest his soul—or, as they would say, *Allah yirhamu!*

—Home Service



King Ibn-Sa'ud of Saudi Arabia: 1880-1953

The second number of *Encounter*, published by Martin Secker and Warburg for the Congress for Cultural Freedom (price 2s. 6d.), includes the first part of an illustrated article entitled 'A Sentimental Traveller in Japan', 'Fourteen Letters' written by W. B. Yeats, a striking article called 'A Guide to Political Neuroses' by Arthur Koestler, and poems by W. H. Auden, Michael Hamburger, and Frances Cornford.

NEWS DIARY

November 11-17

Wednesday, November 11

President Eisenhower states at news conference that he was opposed to serving a subpoena on ex-President Truman or Mr. Justice Clarke of the Supreme Court as had been done by the Chairman of the House of Representatives un-American Activities Committee

Text of Government's Cleaner Food Bill published

Regency Bill is given unopposed second reading in the House of Commons

Lord Selkirk is appointed Paymaster General and Lord Reading, Minister of State, Foreign Office

Thursday, November 12

Mr. Truman refuses to appear before the Un-American Activities Committee

All controls on sale of softwood removed

Demonstrations in favour of Dr. Moussadeq take place in Teheran

Friday, November 13

Government's proposals for competitive television published as White Paper

Mr. Molotov holds a news conference in Moscow

Editor of *Daily Sketch* fined £500 for contempt of court

Saturday, November 14

President Eisenhower addresses joint session of Canadian Parliament in Ottawa

East Germans travelling to western Germany are no longer required to have inter-zonal passes

Sunday, November 15

President Tito says that Yugoslavia will not go to war for the city of Trieste

Mr. Nehru states that if a Korean political conference does not take place, the future of prisoners of war will have to be reconsidered

Persian Military Court decides that it is competent to try Dr. Moussadeq

Monday, November 16

Executive committee of Amalgamated Engineering Union proposes token strike for wage increase

Sir Brian Robertson, who has been conducting talks in Cairo, to leave Egypt to take up chairmanship of Transport Commission

Mr. Truman replies to allegations made against him by U.S. Attorney General

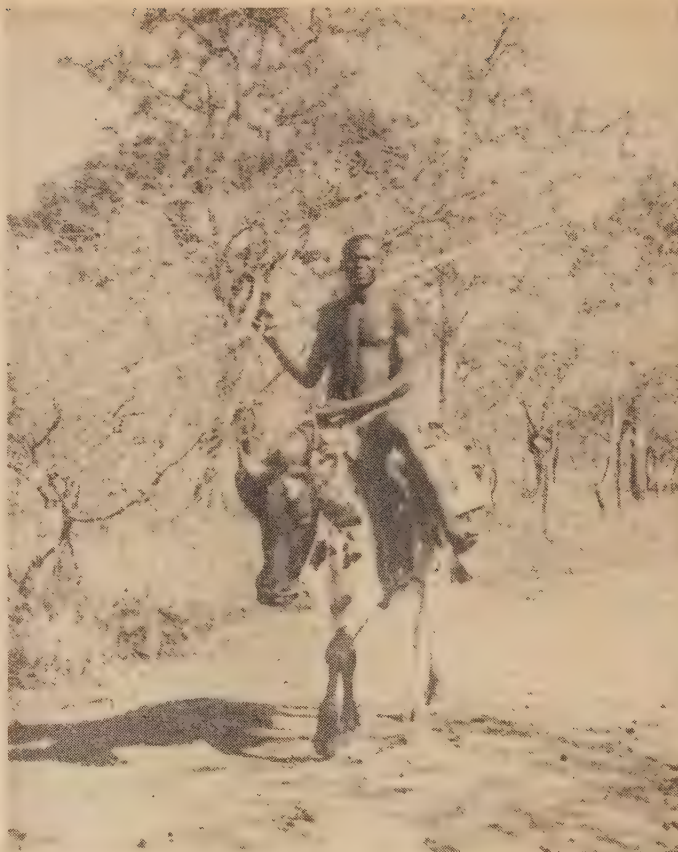
Commons debate national service

Tuesday, November 17

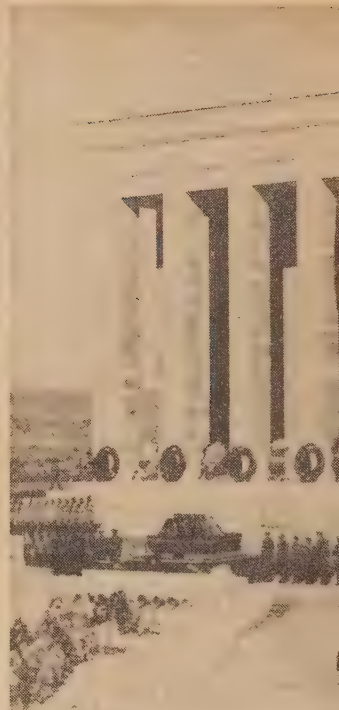
Mr. Dulles, U.S. Secretary of State, says that all prisoners of war in Korea must be freed by January 22

Communists ask that Korean political conference shall be held at Panmunjom and that neutral nations shall attend

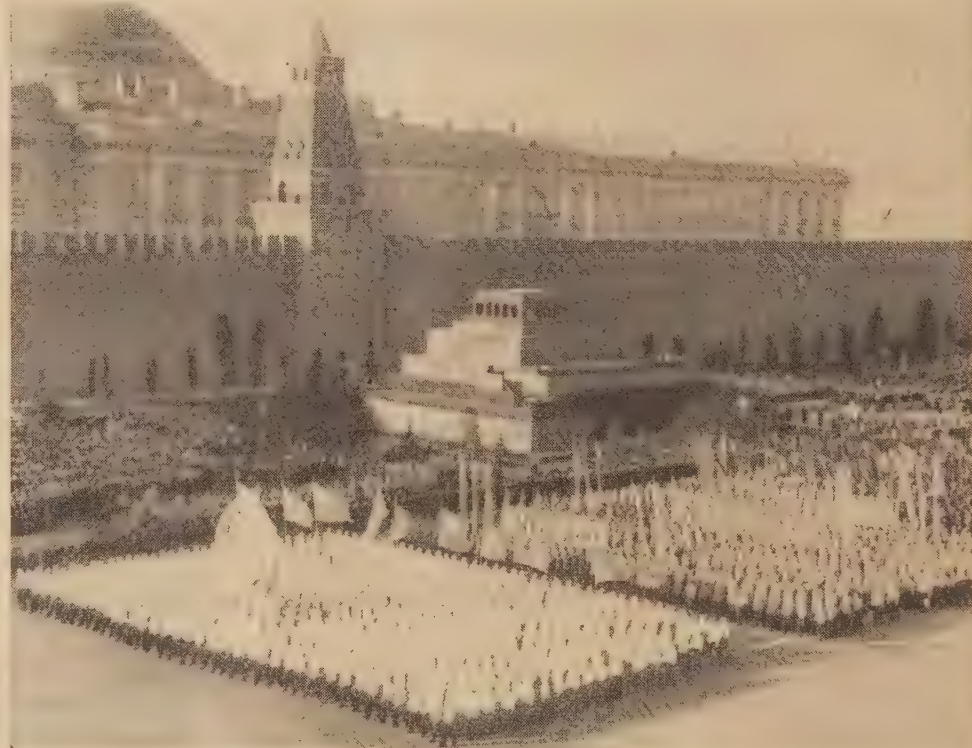
Fog dislocates traffic particularly in west of England



A voter in the Nuba Province of the Sudan on his way to the local polling station during the country's first general election held last week. Voting was by token instead of by ballot-paper. On November 13, Mr. Eden accused the Egyptian Government of trying to influence the course of the election



On November 10, the fifteenth anniversary of the death of Kemal Ataturk, the remains of the founder of modern Turkey were transferred to their final resting place in a new mausoleum on a hill overlooking Ankara. The photograph shows the scene on the steps of the mausoleum; the coffin rests on a temporary catafalque



A military parade marking the thirty-sixth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, passing through Red Square, Moscow, on November 7. Soviet leaders are seen standing on Lenin's tomb

Right: Scotland's first snowfall: a photograph taken last week at 'The Devil's Elbow' on the Cairn Well Pass



Dr. Don, Dean of Westminster, followed by Lord Halifax, High Steward of Westminster, and members of the Chapter wearing their Coronation robes, walking in procession to the Abbey on Sunday for the service which opened 'Save the Abbey' week



Left: work in progress last week at Ouwkerk on the Dutch island of Schouwen-Duiveland on the last dyke to be repaired after last February's flood disaster: heavy stones are being placed on mats made of twigs to sink them to the base of the caissons



A twelve-storey block of council flats at Old Street, Finsbury, which was opened on Saturday by Dame Isobel Cripps. They rise to a height of 118 feet, and are believed to be the highest in the country

Newton: the Path of Light

(continued from page 840)

the bodies which inhabited it, which in turn would affect bodies far away.

It was not until the nineteenth century and Faraday that the full richness of space began to be understood: how it could be the seat not only of gravitational forces produced by the mass of material particles but of electric and magnetic forces produced by their charges. Even in Newton's day it was clear that there were very strong forces at work in lending to material objects their solidity. Newton wrote:

It seems probable to me, that God in the Beginning form'd Matter in solid, massy, hard, impenetrable, moveable Particles, of such Sizes and Figures, and with such other Properties and in such Proportion to Space, as most conduced to the End for which he formed them; and that these primitive Particles being Solids, are incomparably harder than any porous Bodies compounded of them; even so very hard, as never to wear or break in pieces; no ordinary Power being able to divide what God himself made one in the first Creation.

Newton saw that what held atoms together and made matter must be forces of inordinate strength, and he never considered their existence without a sense of mystery and awe. He did not know, nor do we today know, in what subtle way these forces might or might not be related to the forces of gravity.

But for many of his contemporaries and successors these questions appeared less pressing than the confidence that, once given the forces, the course of nature could be foretold and that, where the laws of gravity could be found, other forces would yield to observation and analysis. It is only in this century that we have begun to come to grips with other instances of antinomy, the apparently irreconcilability between the differential description of nature, point by point, instant to instant, and the total unique law and event. It is only in this century that we have had to recognise how unexpected and unfamiliar that relation between bodies and the atoms on the one hand, and that space full of light and electricity and gravitational forces on the other, could prove to be

The Eighteenth-century World

For the eighteenth century the world was a giant mechanism. It was a causal world, whether or not gravity and the other forces acting on bodies inhered in them by their nature or by God's will or that they, too, grew, through laws as rigorous as the laws of motion, from the properties induced in space by the bodies in it. All that happened had its full, complete, immediate, efficient cause. The great machine had a determinate course. A knowledge of its present and therefore its future for all time was, in principle, man's to obtain, and perhaps in practice as well. These objects with which the world was filled—the heavenly bodies, the impenetrable atoms and all things composed of them—were found by observation and by experiment; but it would have occurred to no one that their existence and their properties could be qualified or affected by the observations that told of them. The giant machine was not only causal and determinate; it was objective in the sense that no human act or intervention qualified its behaviour.

A physical world so pictured could not but sharpen the great gulf between the object and the idea. It would do much to bring about that long, critical, and, in its later phase, irrational and mystical, view of the relations between the knower and the known that started with Locke and is perhaps even today not fully or happily ended.

It is, of course, clear that many developments in science that were to flower in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries would soon moderate and complicate the harsh basic picture of the giant machine and of the vast gulf between it and the knowing human mind that thought about it and analysed its properties. This is true of the great development of statistics, which in the end made room for human ignorance as an explicit factor in estimating the behaviour of physical forces. It is true of chemistry, whose phenomena, whatever their ultimate description, looked so very little like the result of matter in motion. It is even more true of the biological sciences, where matter in motion, ever evident and inevitable, appears both at first sight and upon deeper analysis only marginally relevant to what makes biological forms interesting.

But with all of this, and with varying degrees of agreement and

reservation, there was the belief that in the end all nature would be reduced to physics, to the giant machine. Despite all the richness of what men have learned about the world of nature, of matter and of space, of change and of life, we carry with us today an image of the giant machine as a sign of what the objective world is really like.

This view of the Newtonian world is over-simplified; perhaps any view of what men made of their new sciences, their new powers, and their new hopes will be simplified to the point of distortion. Science for the eighteenth century was not a finished undertaking; and, if men were overwhelmed with what they had learned, they were easily reminded of how much was still missing. A rational understanding of the world was not an undertaking for one generation or one man, as it is alleged that it at one time appeared to be to Descartes. The immense discoveries of the recent past made it impossible to hold the view that all that was really worth knowing had long been known—a view that is a sort of parody, in my case, of the Renaissance.

Man's Long Journey of Discovery

This was a long journey on which men were embarked, the journey of discovery; they would need their wits and their resources and their forbearance if they were to get on with it. But it was a job in which progress was inevitable, and in which the style and success of physical science would tend to set the style for all undertakings of man's reason. What there is of direct borrowing from Newtonian physics for chemistry, psychology, or politics is mostly crude and sterile. What there is in eighteenth-century political and economic theory that derives from Newtonian methodology is hard for even an earnest reader to find. The absence of experiment and the inapplicability of Newtonian methods of mathematical analysis make that inevitable. These were not what physical science meant to the enlightenment.

It meant a style of thought, a habit of success, and an understanding of community quite typical for the age. These are to be found best in the learned communities that grew up in Europe and later in America—in the Royal Society and in the far more ambitious, far more revolutionary, far more programmatic French Academy. These communities were infused by a confidence in the power of reason and by a sense of improvement constant and almost inevitable in the condition of man's knowledge, and therefore of his actions and his life. They rest on a consensus of men, often seeing with their own eyes the crucial experiment that was to test or to confirm a theory; on the common experience of criticism and analysis; on the wide-spread use of mathematical methods with all the assurance of objectivity and precision that they give us. These were communities banded together for the promotion of knowledge—critical, rapacious to correct error, yet tolerant from knowing that error is an inevitable step in acquiring new knowledge. These were communities proud of their broad, non-sectarian, international membership, proud of their style and their wit, and with a wonderful sense of new freedom. One may recapture some sense of these communities from the writings of the time. The first history of the Royal Society is not truly a history but an apology, written when the society was only a few years old, explaining it, defending it against its critics. Bishop Sprat has this to say:

Their Purpose is, in short, to make faithful *Records* of all the Works of *Nature*, or *Art*, which can come within their Reach; that so the present Age, and Posterity, may be able to put a Mark on the Errors, which have been strengthened by long Prescription; to restore the Truths, that have lain neglected; to push on those, which are already known, to more various Uses; and to make the way more passable, to what remains unreveal'd. This is the Compass of their Design . . .

They have tried to put it into a Condition of perpetual Increasing, by settling an inviolable Correspondence between the Hand and the Brain. They have studied, to make it not only an Enterprize of one Season, or of some lucky Opportunity; but a Business of Time; a steady, a lasting, a popular, an uninterrupted Work . . .

It is to be noted, that they have freely admitted Men of different Religions, Countries, and Professions of Life. This they were oblig'd to do, or else they would come far short of the Largeness of their own Declarations. For they openly profess, not to lay the Foundation of an *English*, *Scotch*, *Irish*, *Popish*, or *Protestant* Philosophy; but a Philosophy of Mankind.

Reading this today, we can hardly escape a haunting sense of its timeliness and a certain nostalgia at how little the texture of our life conforms to these agreeable and noble ideals. We cannot perhaps wholly forget how much these communities owed to the long centuries of Christian life and Christian tradition; how much that they then took for granted in their inquiries and thoughts, in their whole style, derived from a way of life and a history which they were about to change beyond all recognition; and how deeply this, their programme, could alter the very men and the very minds to whom their programme would in time become entrusted.

These, however, were not reflections to darken much the eighteenth-century or to cast real shadows on that great path of light, that renewed hope of men for a growing and growingly rational comprehension of their world and of themselves. At the very end of the century in another land largely nourished and fathered by the enlightenment, a gentleman and patriot wrote a letter. He wrote in answer to a young friend inquiring about his present course of study. He wrote in the last days of the Directorate, when the course of history was diverging in alarming and immense ways from that charted by the men of the French Academy. He wrote it about two years before he was to assume the Presidency of the United States, there for over a century to raise more

firmly than ever before the standard of man's freedom, his progress, and his rational nature.

I am among those who think well of the human character generally. I consider man as formed for society, and endowed by nature with those dispositions which fit him for society. I believe also, with Condorcet, as mentioned in your letter, that his mind is perfectible to a degree of which we cannot as yet form any conception . . . science can never be retrograde; what is once acquired of real knowledge can never be lost. To preserve the freedom of the human mind then and freedom of the press, every spirit should be ready to devote himself to martyrdom; for as long as we may think as we will, and speak as we think, the condition of man will proceed in improvement. The generation which is going off the stage has deserved well of mankind for the struggles it has made, and for having arrested that course of despotism which had overwhelmed the world for thousands and thousands of years. If there seems to be danger that the ground they have gained will be lost again, that danger comes from the generation your contemporary. But that the enthusiasm which characterises youth should lift its parricide hands against freedom and science would be such a monstrous phenomenon as I cannot place among possible things in this age and country.

The writer of the letter was Thomas Jefferson.—*Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Christian Hope and its Rivals

Sir,—Apparently Professor John Baillie classifies 'democratic humanism' as one of the 'rivals' of 'the Christian hope'; and this is frequent among Christians who by such denigration seek to defend the unique excellence of their faith. True, Professor Baillie is, though critical, not harshly unsympathetic, but considers the exponents of humanism to be 'naïve'. Yet he confesses among 'all these modern varieties of hope' there is 'some affinity with the Christian hope', and even that 'Karl Marx had certainly something to teach us that was both new and true'.

As a non-Marxian I welcome that statement, and wish it could be said as frankly from one of the American broadcasting stations. But if Marx taught something 'new and true' why should it be assumed that hope is peculiar to Christianity? So much that Christians now accept as morally and ethically imperative within their faith is a comparatively recent conviction, as with the condemnation of slavery, feminine liberation, humane penology, the validity of scientific research, and even democratic insistence on the Welfare State. To have believed in these during many centuries of Christian history would have brought to such hope the condemnation of naivety—if not much greater severity. Surely to argue now that, nevertheless, those moral values we now generally cherish are indirectly attributable to cumulative Christian influence could itself seem extremely naïve when one remembers so much past Christian resistance.

I am not suggesting the Christian faith does not possess an implicit, profound optimism, and I do not dissent from the essential theme of Professor Baillie's exposition. What I do venture to submit is that hope, terrestrial and celestial, and the social implementation of this issues from the expanding human spirit and a richer moral consciousness; that Jesus of Nazareth is truly a sublime representative of mature humanity; but that the creative life of God in man has found and will find many avenues of expression beyond the specific Christian context. Hence it is not necessary to damn 'democratic humanism' with faint praise but humbly to recognise its contribution, along with Christianity, to the man that is to be.—Yours, etc.,

London, E.17

REGINALD SORESENSEN

Rediscovering Australia

Sir,—Mr. Rohan Rivett (THE LISTENER, November 12) describes as 'sheer nonsense' the view that Australians 'are getting closer to Washington than to London' in their outlook on world affairs. If he means the official outlook—and it seems plain that he does—Mr. Rivett is surely ignoring a mass of evidence, in which the Anzus Pact and the refusal to recognise Peking are only the most striking items. One need not cite any of this evidence here, however, for the weight of it makes Mr. Rivett shift his position considerably in a paragraph or two. The Australian Minister for External Affairs, Mr. Rivett goes on to suggest, would like to follow British policy on Asia because it is more sensible; but he is forced to follow America's, because he is afraid to antagonise the nation whose support is crucial to Australia's security. In other words, Australia is getting closer to Washington, but for a good reason.

Is this reason a good one at all? Surely America's attitude to the defence of Australia, if a war comes, must be decided more by strategic considerations than by any bonds of friendship that may be forged by Australian obedience. Moreover, it is paradoxical that the Australian government should pursue, in the name of military security, a policy which in other ways it may believe to be unwise. Mr. Rivett clearly thinks that Britain's Asian diplomacy is wiser than America's, and to say in 1953 that diplomacy is wise is to say that it makes war less likely. It may be not only foolish, but suicidal, for Australia to adopt an attitude which, while it seems to guarantee help from America in a war, does nothing to reduce the risk of that war. As Mr. Rivett says, British members of parliament could learn a great deal by visiting Australia. They would perform an equal service if they talked as well as listened, if they explained a view of diplomacy which finds too little expression at Canberra.—Yours, etc.,

University College, Oxford K. S. INGLIS

The Case for the United Nations

Sir,—There is happily little with which I can disagree in the letter of Dr. E. L. Loewenthal, but may I be permitted to 'come back', as it were, on the letter from Mr. Macfarlane.

He states that national 'sovereignty is some-

thing which either is or is not at any particular time'. This surely is totally incorrect. National sovereignty as I understand it—and as I believe it is understood by most people who think about it—is, put colloquially, the ability of a nation to do what it likes, when it likes, how it likes. That 'ability' I submit is not something which either exists or does not exist, it varies according to a number of factors, of which the size of a country or of its neighbours is perhaps the most obvious.

Mr. Macfarlane further seemed to imply that I believed revision of the U.N. Charter to be the only method by which world government might be achieved. I did not mention world government, but even if I had I could not agree that Mr. Macfarlane's alternative 'universal approach' offers any greater promise of success than the other 'universal approach' of working through the existing United Nations organisation.

Mr. Macfarlane further suggests that to work for revision of the U.N. Charter is 'completely unrealistic'. 'It simply is not feasible', he says, 'to expect states which are now ruled by people with insular ideas or imperialistic ideas to consider seriously uniting their state with others which may be quite different in outlook . . .'. Yet earlier in his letter he writes of nations 'completely surrendering their sovereignty' presumably to a form of unitary government, a goal vastly more ambitious than that of the most ardent federalist who advocates federal world government, something a great deal less rigid but much more practical and desirable, geographically and administratively, than one central unitarian world government.

A goal and ideal as inspiring as federal world government is not something which will be best served by working towards it through one method alone, yet while Mr. Macfarlane dismisses U.N. Charter revision as an approach to world government as completely unrealistic he would seem to substitute for it his own method which strikes me equally as inclusive as he apparently understood my mention of U.N. revision to be.

In fact, there is no 'one way' by which world government will be attained, a fact recognised by Federal Union since its inception in 1938, hence, among other reasons, its support of the current proposals for a federation of the six Continental



Nappies aired yet, Mrs. Hollis?

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countries already partners in the European Coal and Steel Community.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.2 DOUGLAS ROBINSON
Secretary, Federal Union

Central European Democracy

Sir,—Your reviewer of a book on Central European Democracy (in THE LISTENER of November 5) says that 'a minor misunderstanding is created in these pages, as in nearly all translations from German books on such subjects, by the use of our word *social* for the German *sozial* which means something quite different'.

I should (though I cannot) imagine that there are contexts where *sozial* 'means something quite different'. But I suggest that in fairness to the many language students among your readers (as one of which I presume to speak) your reviewer should be allowed to substantiate a statement which contradicts the dictionaries and the usage in 'nearly all translations of German books on such subjects'.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

H. WALDE

[Our reviewer writes:

In my experience endless misunderstandings arise from the laziness of dictionaries or their pardonable inability to operate out of the context. For instance the Italian *diffidenza* is often given as diffidence when in fact it means distrust, or the continental words *intellektuellen*, *intellektuali*, for intellectuals which, certainly in Italian and German, mean the professional classes, are given as just 'intellectuals'. If in German one says that the attitude of a person is *sozial* it implies that that person concerns himself with social injustice which is certainly not what one would mean by speaking in English of a social person or of a person with a social attitude except in the context of a social worker. Students are naturally at the mercy of dictionaries until they have lived abroad.]

Man, Caribou, and Lichen

Sir,—In 'Man, Caribou, and Lichen' Mr. F. Fraser Darling gives an intriguing account of changes in Alaskan ecology. He misses at least two crucial points as regards the Eskimo and the reindeer and misses the boat as regards the role and future of the Eskimo in Alaska.

The disappearance of the Alaska reindeer herd must be due in some part to such forces as Mr. Darling describes but the main reason was a social-anthropological-economic, in a word, *human* problem. The Alaskan Eskimo never was a stock herder before the whites came to Alaska and he was neither a willing nor an able student afterwards. I once discussed this problem with Michael Sára, a Lapp sent from Norway to Alaska by the American Government with the first herds to teach the Eskimo the reindeer culture. He was familiar with the customs of the Eskimos on both sides of the Bering Straits and pointed out to me a seeming paradox, that the Siberians were 'stock people' but the Alaskans simply were not interested. The Alaskans never took to migrating bag and baggage with the herd.

Secondly, alternative employments killed off herding. The herds were simply abandoned by their reluctant herders when the greatest Alaska gold rush of all, 'The Silver Horde', beckoned. The villages around the salmon canneries filled up early in the twentieth century and the Eskimos chose a life they preferred to both hunting and herding, *i.e.*, working for wages. Today the salmon industry is the mainstay of the Eskimo and Indian economy in Alaska and is declining. The rivers are 'fished out' and the territory is at this time a 'disaster area'.

The whole problem of the change in the Eskimo way of life in this century has yet to be examined thoroughly, and a letter is not a proper place to start. Suffice it to say, the Eskimo is no

longer an Eskimo in the cultural and economic senses, he never was a herder and will not be in the future. His role in American Alaska is growing daily more similar to that of the Southern Negro, there is precious little 'working out a destiny hand in hand'. The future of the caribou and reindeer is irrelevant to the future of the Eskimo. Mr. Darling knows sixty-five noble 'meat-eating savages' following the wild reindeer and caribou. I know several thousand living on charity, unemployment compensation, and company credit on the margins of the Bering Sea from Kotzebue and Nome to Egegik on the Peninsula, along the banks of the Tanana, Yukon, Kuskokwim, Togiak, Nushagak, Kwichak, and Naknek rivers and their tributaries; in towns like Dillingham and smaller settlements like Ekwik, Clarks Point, and Aleknagik. Most of these people have never seen a kayak, never worn mukluks, and do not know the taste of Beluga meat or seal oil. In some areas they are losing their language as well as their culture, and the sixteen-year-olds have no more idea of the meaning of *oo-loo-gai-yá-yuk twa* than the English reader. To express this the Englishman might say 'Players please', the Eskimo teenager would say 'I'll have a pack of Luckies'.

It seems reasonable that Mr. Darling's wild caribou have been reduced in numbers by tundra fires but the domesticated reindeer herds disappeared for more fundamental reasons than the destruction of the lichen growth in the tundra.

Yours, etc.,

Oxford

J. R. T. HUGHES

The Fourth Gospel

Sir,—I am glad that Principal J. E. Davey has emphasised the historical element in the Fourth Gospel, but I think he might have gone even further.

In the *Journal of Theological Studies* for April 1950 I tried to prove from John 21, 20-23, that the Gospel (except perhaps the last chapter) must have been written in the lifetime of the 'Beloved Disciple', and so presumably either by him or with his sanction. I cannot give my arguments here, but perhaps I may be allowed to mention another small piece of evidence in support of the same view.

I suggest that in John 19, 35—a verse probably added by an amanuensis or editor—the verb 'knoweth' (*oidev*) would be quite unsuitable if used of anyone who was already dead. Such a sentence as 'Morley knows that his account of Gladstone is true' would be absurd in a book written since Morley's death.

Other explanations of John 19, 35, put forward by Zahn and Torrey, do considerable violence to the Greek.—Yours, etc.,

Bedford

G. M. LEE

The Geological Record in Evolution

Sir,—Dorothy E. Warren is mistaken in believing that all the rocks laid down before the Cambrian Period are 'composed of crystalline substance'. Many of them are undisturbed, unmetamorphosed sedimentary deposits indistinguishable as regards material and structure from later rocks. As these are apparently well fitted to hold fossils, geologists have long searched for fossils in many of them without finding any indubitable fossils. These present the difficulty to evolutionists. Examples are the Torridon Sandstones of Scotland, the Green Shales of Brittany, the Cuddapah Series of India, the Huronian Series of Canada, the Tindir Group of Alaska. These deposits vary in thickness from 8,000 to more than 20,000 feet. As animals lacking shells or bones, such as jelly-fish and worms, leave fossils in the form of impressions in the rock, the above-named rocks should have yielded numerous fossils if animals of any kind existed when they were being formed. Consequently it

is incumbent on evolutionists, who assert that animals were then in existence, to account for the failure to find fossils. About a dozen attempts—all unsuccessful—to do this have been made. I submit that the reason for this lack of success is that animals were not in existence on the earth when these rocks were formed.

Yours, etc.,

Camberley

DOUGLAS DEWAR

'Measure for Measure'

Sir,—Dr. Dover Wilson accuses me of discourtesy and lack of understanding. A charge of discourtesy is one which no man, however innocent, can refute and if Dr. Wilson considers that my manner is offensive I apologise without reserve.

At the end of Dr. Wilson's Note on the Copy in the 1950 edition of 'Measure for Measure' is appended this five-and-a-half-line note (all in one paragraph):

Postscript. 1950. The statement on p. 101 that the ladies wore black masks in the *Masque of Blackness* is incorrect. Readers are referred to a criticism of the foregoing by E. K. Chambers, in *William Shakespeare* i. 453-57, and to W. W. Greg, *The Editorial Problem in Shakespeare*, p. 146.

This is apparently Dr. Wilson's *peccavi* for the entire Note on the Copy. Should I be thought lacking in courtesy and understanding if I suggested that someone has hardly been using enough P's's for his white sheet?—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.2

JOHN CROW

Restoring a Giorgione

Sir,—I am grateful to Mr. Ernest H. Phillips for his kind words about my talk on the Giorgione.

It would be interesting to know on what evidence Mr. Phillips bases his suggestion that part of the picture was completely repainted in the eighteenth century. I have found no indication of such overpainting either in oil or tempera in the areas mentioned.

To decide whether the woman could be Magdalene, I must leave to the art historians.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.8

HELMUT RUHEMANN

'Mind You, I've Said Nothing'

Sir,—The 'dotty' feature of the Irish scene which your reviewer offers in addition to Miss Honor Tracy's collection is the alley or court used for handball, a game played in most Irish schools and colleges. It is so popular that if there is no proper alley available an improvised game is played against any convenient high wall; it probably began in that way. Ball alleys are also to be found in the United States and Australia, especially in schools conducted by the Irish Christian Brothers. It must have been known in England in Hazlitt's day, for in one of his essays he mourns the death of 'Cavanagh, the ball player'.

Hurling, however, 'and not handball is regarded as the Irish national game. Though played with a ball and sticks, it is quite unlike cricket. For this reason, no doubt, it is regarded as extremely comical by the English sports writers who happen to see a match. Your reviewer, however, has struck an original note by assuming that the national game is one that is not played at all. He reminds me of the fact that while crossing the south of England from coast to coast not long ago I never saw the game of cricket being performed—if that is the correct expression. I was told that it could only be witnessed on fine days in the summer, that is, very rarely. Handball, being less affected by climatic conditions, is played all the year round.

Yours, etc.,

Dublin

P. J. KIRWAN

'An Exceptionally Fine Auctioneer'

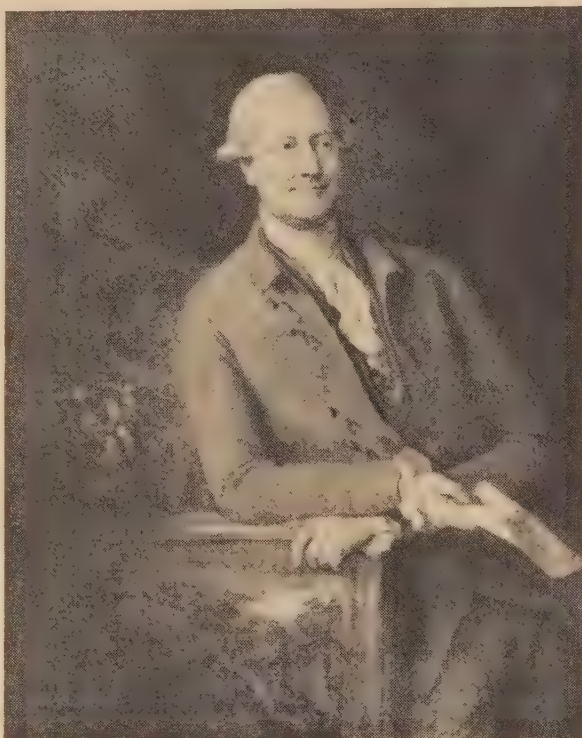
W. A. MARTIN on James Christie who died 150 years ago

LOT one: how much for it, please?' For only some ten years short of two centuries now, sales at Christie's have been beginning with an opening remark of this kind from the auctioneer in the rostrum. But they have not always been carried through with quite the same economy of words, as has been the rule these last fifty years. For, as seen today, the job of the man in the rostrum is to get a suitable opening bid for each lot and thereafter merely to call the advances until knocking it down to the highest bidder. But James Christie would not have agreed at all that this is the best way of achieving the purpose of auctions, which is, of course, to obtain the highest possible prices. His technique was modelled more on these lines:

Let me entreat, Ladies, Gentlemen, permit me to put this inestimable piece of elegance under your protection; only observe, the inexhaustible munificence of your superlatively [sic] candid generosity must HARMONISE with the refulgent Brilliancy of this little Jewel!!

One hundred and fifty years ago, on November 8, 1803, James Christie died, at the age of seventy-three, in his house in Pall Mall, where he had lived and worked for nearly forty years, only a few steps away from the lately rebuilt Great Rooms of the firm of fine art auctioneers that he founded. But how many of us have ever heard of him? A man's name can become far better known than the man himself. Though its fame derives from his achievement, it lives on long after he is forgotten. Such a man's name survives and gets attached, for instance, to a place, such as Lloyd's, Lord's, or Tattersall's. We all know what happens at these places, but even if we are aware that they bear men's names, we, most of us, know little or nothing about the men themselves. So it is with Christie's in London and the man whose name it is.

Although, now, his fame lies in the name of his firm, in his own time he succeeded in making himself both well and widely known. Not much information has come down to us about him. We know nothing for certain of his parents nor of the place of his birth in the year 1730. He is supposed, first, to have served as midshipman in the Navy, and then to have been assistant to an auctioneer in Covent Garden. But this was all before the seventeen-sixties when the records begin for him as an auctioneer working on his own account, and there is, I think, no doubt that he started off in life with little or nothing to help him and was an entirely self-made man. As was recognised in his own day, he was equipped with a strong sense of business. Or, as Farington wrote in his diary—with perhaps a slight dig—he had a 'very good head for scheming'. Still, even Farington could not discount the results, when he supplied the facts as well that his commissions for sales in one year amounted to £16,000 and to more than £10,000 in each of two other years. Even without taking into account all the inflation that has since occurred, these are quite large sums of money and explain, at least financially, how he managed to leave a prosperous concern established behind him when he died.



James Christie: above, as painted by Gainsborough in 1778; right, in a contemporary caricature



It is clear, also, that he came to be regarded as an exceptionally fine auctioneer. This is borne out by two contemporary caricatures of him in his rostrum: one has the caption beneath it 'Eloquence, or The King of Epithets', and the other, somewhat less kindly, 'The Specious Orator'. Not for him the simple phrase, 'Lot one: how much for it, please?' with which sales begin today. He certainly had and did develop fully the gift, not needed now but so essential then, of talking buyers into bidding. 'Let me entreat, Ladies and Gentlemen', and so forth. And his conduct in the rostrum is nicely reflected in the statement of a witness that, while waiting for an advance in bidding, 'the ladies would say that he was irresistible'. He had also the advantage of being, as the same witness says, 'a tall man of commanding aspect and of a most engaging and persuasive manner'.

It is not perhaps realised these days how very popular auctions became as a means of general disposal in this country during the second half of the eighteenth century. They were seen to be the quickest, the easiest, and the most effective way of converting property into money in those changing times. They provided quite a considerable business and there was an appreciable number of auctioneers to deal with it—at least sixty in London alone during the

period. Christie entered fully into the whole of it, never specialising exclusively in selling works of art. Though that was the side of the business that he liked best to develop, when he started on his own soon after 1760 he set up as, and he always remained, a general auctioneer, ready to sell whatever came his way and had a market. This comprised houses with everything that went with them, from pictures to razors and dripping pans, and land with all that grew upon it, from hay, for instance, to pigs and poultry. Late in his life, in 1800, for example, he sold the Duke of Bedford's house in Bloomsbury with all its contents, and in the same year he auctioned, after a speech much praised in *The Times*, the borough of Gatton in Surrey, with which

went a seat in the House of Commons, obtaining for it what, for a long time in his firm, was a record price for one lot, no less than £39,000.

The volume of his business was large. Leaving aside his transactions in real estate, we know that he conducted in all well over 1,200 sales for which the catalogues, that he himself used as auctioneer, still exist. Though many of these sales were of household effects, a very big proportion were of works of art, and particularly of pictures by old masters and by painters lately deceased. In this last category there were the sales of the remaining works and collections of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Wheatley, Hudson, Alexander Cozens, and Girtin. Old pictures came on to the market at Christie's from owners, noble and otherwise, in this country and on the Continent, and here a special feature was the sales of old paintings purchased abroad expressly for disposal at auction in London. Works of art, furniture and household effects were sold by Christie from similar sources, and he held a number of sales of porcelain direct from the Chelsea, Derby, and Sèvres factories.

Sales that are now known to have been held by all the other auctioneers in London in his time add up to a total of not many more than 1,100. Though the records for such sales are nowhere near as complete as is the case with Christie's, and the comparison, for this reason, is not straightforward, James Christie certainly got more than the lion's share of the business. In addition to his qualities as an auctioneer, where he seems to have moved well ahead of his rivals, was as a contemporary said, that 'for good manners as well as better sense, his example should be attended to by his brethren'.

Christie did not however confine his business solely to running auctions. Apart from investing in newspapers, first in the *Whig Morning Chronicle* and then, in association with Tattersall, the famous auctioneer of horses, in the *Tory Morning Post*—all of which was a side-line with him—he made valuations for the various purposes that arise, more especially, for sale by private treaty. In 1790 he was appointed to act as agent for the syndicate, headed by the Prince of Wales and the Dukes of York and of Clarence, which was formed to purchase the great Orleans collection of pictures from Philippe Egalité in Paris for 100,000 guineas. Because of the fear of intrigue and of the height of the price, success eluded him, but twelve years earlier, in 1778, Christie negotiated the sale privately to the Empress Catherine the Great of Russia of the greater part of Sir Robert Walpole's famous collection of pictures at Houghton for the Earl of Orford, much to the indignation of his uncle, Horace Walpole, who, strange to relate, thought that at £40,000, the sum paid by the Empress, Christie had much overvalued the paintings.

Christie's rise to fame and fortune dated back to his move from Covent Garden into Pall Mall in 1766. After a short stay in premises there, which were taken over for the Royal Academy of Arts on its foundation, he put out in December, 1768, a notice in the press which read as follows:

To the Virtu and the Public in general: Mr. Christie begs leave to inform them that his new Auction Room in Pall Mall will be completed in a few days, and from its being mechanically constructed under the immediate direction of some of the first artists in the kingdom, with respect to the justness of proportion, the repose of light, together with its magnitude and desirable situation, he hopes are motives sufficient to show the natural advantages that must accrue to those who shall favour

him with their commands which shall be faithfully attended to and executed with the utmost integrity.

Though the grammar is rather obscure, the meaning is clear, and what in fact had happened was that he had found other premises at the western end of Pall Mall, very near to Marlborough House. Christie's New Auction Rooms there remained the home, as well as the offices, of his family until 1823. The main room appears in a plate in the *Microcosm of London* that came out, just after the turn of the century, as a record of the chief Institutions in the Capital. The fact that his room was singled out for illustration and mention, alone of the auction rooms in London, in such a publication is a full measure of Christie's achievement.

Christie's move into Pall Mall contributed to his success in two important ways. First, it brought him into direct touch with artists, and, secondly, it placed him right in the district where society lived in London. He must clearly have realised that the cultivation of the two worlds of art and of fashion, supplying both with what they wanted either as buyers and sellers or as students and spectators, was the best way to make his business flourish.

The two worlds, of course overlapped. But to deal first with the world of rank and fashion, Christie went out of his way to attract not merely the patronage but also the presence of high society in his rooms. On one occasion, he managed to persuade the Earl of Chesterfield to view an auction of pictures for little more than purposes of publicity. The Earl arrived in full state and was escorted round by Christie, whilst the assembled company pressed near to overhear what was being said. He did all he could, also, to encourage the habit of 'taking the Morning Lounge' in his rooms, to quote the phrase used by Gillray on his print of 'A Peep at Christie's' which was a caricature of the famous Earl of Derby and the actress, Elizabeth Farren, at the view of a sale of pictures. According to a song heard at Vauxhall Gardens, it was part of a day of fashion to 'drop in at Christie's' to see a sale take place, and of the young lady in society it was said:

In one continual hurry rolled her days

At routs, assemblies, auctions, op'ras, plays

From Loo she rises with the rising sun

And Christie sees her aching head at one.



'A Peep at Christie's: or Tally-ho and his Nimency-pimmeney taking the Morning Lounge': a caricature by Gillray

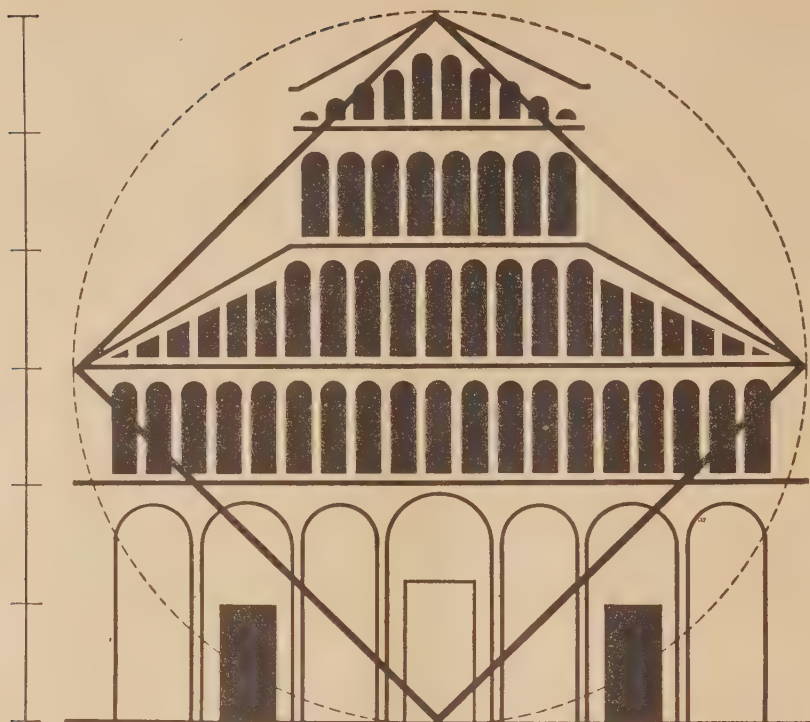
One o'clock was the time that Christie's sales always started, and they could be on occasion far more than a part of the social round, as, for instance, on the day in 1801 when pictures belonging to Sir William Hamilton were sent in for sale. A portrait of Emma was among them and Nelson wrote her a letter in which he said:

Pray what has Christie done about your portrait? I have no letter from him, how can any man sell your resemblance, to buy it many would fly, as for the original no price is adequate to her merits those of her dear mind and heart if possible exceed your beauty, all the world's greatness I would give up with pleasure, so be it *amen*.

Then, a week later, he wrote her again saying:

I have bought your picture for I could not bear it should be put up at auction and if it had cost me 300 drops of blood I would have given it with pleasure. . . . I design it always to hang in my bed chamber and if I die it is yours.

Nelson had purchased the picture privately before the sale, and the two letters from which I have just quoted now belong to Christie's.



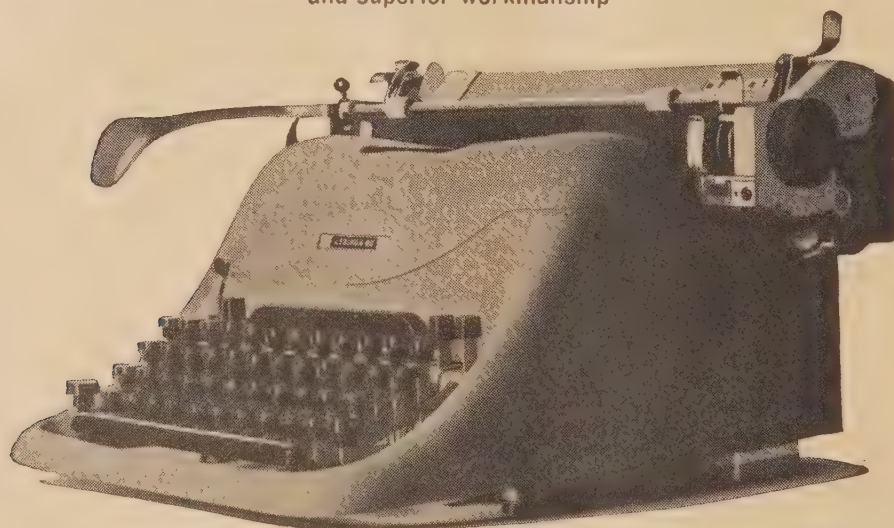
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Before I turn to Christie's association with the artists, which was of so much importance to him, there is the point to be remembered that in his time the auction rooms in London played a far greater part in the lives of all who were interested in the arts than need necessarily be the case today. For they took the place of the galleries and museums that have since grown up, with their sales as temporary exhibitions. In this way they meant a great deal to those artists and connoisseurs who had but a few friends with collections, or were without the means to travel abroad on the Grand Tour.

When the artists in London formed their three exhibiting societies early in the reign of George III, they made use of the auction rooms for their shows and, as far as we know, this was how Christie first came into direct contact with them. As I have said, in 1768 the Royal Academy of Arts took over his first auction room in Pall Mall. Then it was that the artists in the Free Society, with Arthur Devis as President, helped him design his New Auction Rooms at the other end of Pall Mall and they held their exhibitions in them for a month each year. The third group, the Incorporated Society, whose members included Stubbs and Wheatley, borrowed a considerable sum of money from Christie on the security of their premises in the Strand, which he proceeded to sell for them at auction when they wound up their society in 1776.

The reason for the importance to Christie of his association with the artists resided primarily in the fact that, in those days, before the birth of the art historian and expert, the artist was the unchallenged professor of his art. In theory, at least, he knew all there was to know about it and in practice, at all events, he claimed always to be able to tell the good from the bad and the right from the wrong in his art. His could be and was the last word that mattered with connoisseurs and collectors. There was apparently a group which was called Christie's Fraternity of Godfathers because (I quote) 'they sometimes, in the character of sponsors, christened questionable graphic specimens of the genius obscure Domenichinos, S. del Piombos, Da Vincis, etc.'. Unfortunately, there is no record of the names of the members of this fraternity. Apart, however, from the acquaintances he must have made

through the business transactions Christie had with the Royal Academicians and the artists in the other two societies, it is known that he was on friendly terms with Hoppner, and more with Gainsborough, his next-door neighbour in Pall Mall, who painted an extremely fine portrait of him, when he was forty-eight years old in 1778. Stories exist, also, about Reynolds, Benjamin West, and Lawrence (the first three Presidents of the Royal Academy of Arts) in action as authorities in his rooms. In this connection there is a particularly telling and illuminating letter about old pictures written to Penrice, the collector, by Lawrence, in which he says:

If my voice be opposed to Mr. Hoppner's I shall not quarrel with you for *not* taking his. If to Mr. West's (though not a popular painter a great *master* of his art) I shall quarrel with you for *not* taking his. But these excepted (and against all picture dealers or artists connected with picture dealers) you are to consider my opinion as the best, or I shall think you in the wrong. If you are rash enough to encounter this censure, the evil be on your own head.

Clearly, Christie did well to seek and to keep the goodwill of such men, and there is no doubt that it was on the basis of his close association with artists that Christie's reputation as an auctioneer of works of art was built and maintained.

James Christie's capacity for business, his performance on the rostrum, his cultivation of the two worlds of art and of fashion, the knowledge and the experience that he acquired during his forty years' activity, all combined to give him his recognised place as the leading auctioneer and valuer in this country in the second half of the eighteenth century. He was fully prepared to seize his chance when the French Revolution and the subsequent Napoleonic campaigns released on to the market a flood of pictures, jewellery, and objects of art generally. The centre of the art trade of the world in the seventeenth century had been Rome. By the eighteenth century it had shifted to Paris and Amsterdam. It was very largely due to James Christie that London became that centre at the end of the eighteenth century, and has remained so ever since his time.—*Third Programme*

Dog: a Poem from 'First Reading'

He does not look fierce at all, propped scarcely erect
On skinny forelegs in the dust in the glare
In the dog-day heat, the small brown pariah at the edge
Of the shimmering vista of emptiness
Unbroken by any shade and seeming too permanent
To be of any day the afternoon.
Under the sky no colour or rather
The natural beige, dust-colour, merely
A brighter glare than the ground, beginning
Where the dust does not leave off, and rising
Through the shining distance that weighs and waves
Like water he does not have the air at all
Of vigilance: hindquarters collapsed
Under him like a rag lying shapeless
In the shrunk puddle of his shadow, coat
Caked and staring, hang-dog head
That his shoulders can hardly hold up from the dust
And from it dangling the faded tongue, the one
Colour to be seen. *Cave Canem*; beware
The dog. But he squats harmless,
At his wildest, it might be, wishing that the feeble
Green cast the glare gives to his shadow
Could be green in truth, or be at least a wider
Shadow of some true green; and though he is
Free not tethered (but what in this place
Could one be free of if not the place) surely
He would never attack, nor move except perhaps,
Startled, to flee; surely those dirty tufts
Of coarse hair at his shoulders could never rise
Hostile in hackles, and he has forgotten
Long since the wish to growl; or if he should bare
His teeth it would not be with a lifting
Of lips but with a letting-fall, as it is

With the grins of the dead. And indeed what is there here
That he might keep watch over? The dust? The empty
Distance? The insufferable light losing itself
In its own glare? Whatever he was to guard
Is gone. Besides, his glazed eyes
Fixed heavily ahead stare beyond you
Noticing nothing; he does not see you. But wrong;
Look again: it is through you
That he looks, and the danger of his eyes
Is that in them you are not there. He guards indeed
What is gone, what is gone, what has left not so much
As a bone before him, which vigilance needs
No fierceness, and his weariness is not
From the length of his watch, which is endless,
But because nothing, not the weight of days,
Not hope, the canicular heat, the dust, nor the mortal
Sky, is to be borne. Approach
If you dare, but doing so you take
In your hands what life is yours, which is less
Than you suppose, for he guards all that is gone,
And even the shimmer of the heated present,
Of the moment before him in which you stand
Is a ghost's shimmer, its past gone out of it, biding
But momentarily his vigil. Walk past him
If you please, unmolested, but behind his eyes
You will be seen not to be there, in the glaring
Uncharactered reaches of oblivion, and guarded
With the rest of vacancy. Better turn from him
Now, when you can, and pray that the dust you stand in
And your other darlings be delivered
From the vain distance he is the power of.

W. S. MERWIN

—*Third Programme*

Round the London Art Galleries

By QUENTIN BELL

FOR those whose leisure and energy are limited there is too much to see in London at this moment. Going round the galleries becomes, not the dignified perambulation that it should be, but a breathless scramble. It is impossible to do justice even to those exhibitions which have not already been noted in these pages, so he who runs may read practically nothing in this article concerning 'Figures in Their Setting' and the Yugoslav Medieval Frescos although both are large and important exhibitions occupying a considerable area of the Tate Gallery. To treat them at length is impossible, to deal with them briefly would be impertinent. And yet I cannot resist the opportunity of telling the hurried visitor who must make a choice that he had better confine himself to the Yugoslavs; the other show is likely to leave him with rather a depressing notion of contemporary British art. This impression may best be effaced by a visit to the London Group, which is now holding its annual show at the New Burlington Galleries.

Compared with those great mixed shows that are held in Piccadilly the London Group is overwhelmingly brilliant; compared with 'Figures in Their Setting' it still appears very impressive. The standard of the members is high, the visitors have been wisely chosen, the pictures have been well hung. Amongst the works exhibited by members 'The Shot Tower and the Lion Brewery from Somerset House', an admirable painting by Claude Rogers, deserves particular attention. The artist has looked across the river, and before him the distant town and the bold diagonals of the bridge are firmly enclosed within a linear structure of remarkable beauty. This framework, though ruthlessly uncompromising in its strength and tremendously efficient in its suggestion of vaulting height and solid gravity, has no repulsive hardness and, like a well-found alexandrine, is charming in its severity. This is a noble work and so is Matthew Smith's 'Reclining Nude'. Mr. Ceri Richards shows a gay and sumptuously harmonious interior; Mr. Duncan Grant's 'Cornfield' is a work of great vigour and solidity and conveys, very beautifully, the space and luminosity of a summer evening in the country. Mr. H. E. Duplessis' 'Highgate Landscape' embodies, in a pleasing design, minutiae which are accurately and lovingly observed. Elsie Few's 'Bradfields' has depth and atmosphere and that which, for want of a better word, one must call charm.

Among the *invités*, Mr. Euan Uglow offers a 'Portrait of a Woman', a picture composed of a patchwork of carefully measured fragments the sum total of which is strong enough to command attention from across the room by reason both of its formal and its psychological qualities. This picture promises more, and perhaps achieves rather less, than the still life entitled 'Daisy' by the same painter, a still life which has the quietly joyous colour, the careful but fearless understanding of space, which may be found in the very earliest studies of Duncan Grant. Mr. Anthony Fry's 'Dead Pigeon' is, in rather the same way, a work of impressive sobriety.

With so many exhilarating things to see, and so much that is full of

exciting promise, it is easy to miss that which is respectable or indeed that which is far more than respectable. Miss Elizabeth Frink's 'Cat' and Mr. Kenneth Martin's 'Screw Mobile'—a most pleasing and ingenious toy—will hardly escape attention, nor will Miss Prunella Clough's highly accomplished 'Motor Cyclist'. But there are works by Mr. Patrick George, Mr. Anthony Eyton, Miss Margaret Green, Miss Frances Watt, Miss Angelica Garnett, and Mr. P. S. Symons which, though they do not importune the visitor, should detain him.

The exhibitors at the London Group do not suffer by comparison

with those of the various Frenchmen—some of them distinguished—who are now showing pictures in London Galleries. M. Caillard at the Adams Gallery, Davies Street, is competent, agreeable and sometimes brilliant. He is not, one feels, compelled to paint by a divine afflatus, rather he is moved by a rational desire to please. He shows us nature clothed in her prettiest dress, and in so doing leads the eye through some delightful passages of colour. His is very good low-temperature painting. No one could accuse M. Magritte of wishing to please at the Lefevre Galleries; his hired assassins disguised as commercial travellers, standing in stiff attitudes (learnt from the Douanier Rousseau), wait and watch while naked corpses bleed, while monstrous fingers burst through broken roofs and the cheap gramophone recalls his master's vice; their mission is to make our flesh creep and in truth these conceits are nasty enough, but they are not half as nasty as M. Magritte's leaden local colour, his drawing, or his design.

M. Raymond Guerrier, whose paintings are being exhibited at the Redfern Gallery, is a young and gifted painter. He uses his sombre palette with great skill and achieves extremely painter-like transitions of tone. He seems to be one of those artists who, captivated by one set of relationships in nature, is ready to make everything within his canvas subserve his purpose in expressing that one facet of reality. To this end he is willing to go very far in the obliteration or distortion of that which appears irrelevant to his purpose. At worst this can lead him to a tiresomely schematic method, as in 'Poissonnières au Port', in which the objects are laid out flat for our inspection as in a child's drawing and in which the apparent motive of the picture is not sufficiently interesting to inform the whole canvas with life. At best he can pursue spatial relationships in a subtle and sure-footed manner, as in 'Quai de Paris: d'une Fenêtre', or as in his admirable still life 'Plies'.

The Leicester Galleries are showing pastels by Bernard Sickert, the younger brother of Walter Sickert. These are pleasant, sensitive works, landscapes and sea-scapes which show the influence of Boudin and, perhaps, rather too strong an affection for mannerisms and surface qualities. They look uncommonly solid and sincere when contrasted with the works of M. André Masson in the next room. These Rue de la Boétie's equivalent for De Laszlo stand amidst better things. There are some good, if slight Klees, a fine still life by Picasso and an even finer one by Braque, also two very beautiful pictures by Juan Gris. Of the younger painters showing here, Gaston-Louis Roux should be noticed.



'Quai de Paris: d'une Fenêtre', by Raymond Guerrier: on exhibition at the Redfern Gallery

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Power and Influence. By Lord Beveridge.

Hodder and Stoughton. 30s.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES ARE NOTORIOUSLY dangerous ventures; the *ego* on the loose is apt to reveal more than it intends. These memoirs of a great career are sprinkled with disparaging references to power (by which Lord Beveridge means political power) and those who exercise it, his personal incursions into politics having been uniformly unsuccessful. After making a popular reputation in wartime as the draughtsman of post-war blue-prints—'next time', said the taxi-men, 'we hope to drive you into Downing Street, not past it'—he thought of entering parliament as an Independent; courted the Prime Minister and felt himself cold-shouldered; considered joining the Labour Party; and finally entered the House as a Liberal, but was defeated at the next election. Now, looking back, he writes of power as 'the stupid necessary mule' which should 'have neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity'. All his life, he says, in explaining his title, he has 'seldom been without influence' but as seldom has had "'Government'", that is power. Why a thinker and 'deviser' of his kind should resent exclusion from the practice of a different and—in our twentieth-century rough and tumble—very difficult art, is not clear.

It would be easier to enjoy this remarkable life of a remarkable man if one could set aside the bitterness in his references to Sir Winston Churchill and other riders of 'the stupid mule'. Having left Balliol with his fair share of its traditional *superbia*, the young Beveridge was to some extent humanised by a brief spell at Toynbee Hall. Cosmo Gordon Lang, then Bishop of Stepney, remarked that 'I would go very far if only I could conceal from my interlocutors how foolish I thought them'. The humanisation was perhaps not very wide or deep; Lord Beveridge has always, one feels, grasped humanity more easily as statistical aggregates than as actual Toms or Harrys. He soon migrated to the *Morning Post* where he wrote leaders baiting the Liberal Government of 1906 on its social policy, while at the same time campaigning for the establishment of employment exchanges, which remained his prime passion until they were triumphantly carried into law. Thereafter for forty years the smooth flow of notes, letters, memoranda, reports, as member or chairman of this or that committee or enquiry, has continued, many of them of cardinal importance in social legislation and each one of them involving great industry and patience with tremendous capacity for judicial sifting of evidence and for persuading or 'managing' others.

For many, the chief interest of this book will naturally lie in his 'inside story' of the then Churchill Government's treatment of the most famous of all his reports. He calls the chapter 'Beveridge Boom and Boycott' and sums up his analysis of the motives which led to his cold-shouldering by the Prime Minister with a perhaps unfortunate quotation from Tacitus: 'It is not clear whether he was moved most by fear or by jealousy'. It is, of course, conceivable that the Prime Minister was moved by neither motive—they are not among his more notorious faults—but rather by a single-minded concentration on the still unbeaten enemy, and by a conception of honest statesmanship which hates to promise what it cannot be certain of performing. Sir Winston may have made a miscalculation in his treatment of the Beveridge Plan and lost the 1945 election as a result—a view which the author accepts—but to impute motives of this

kind only darkens the record. Lord Beveridge refers to the Prime Minister's cautionary directives of 1943. 'Neither of these notes', he says, 'could have been written or advised by anyone who had taken time to learn . . . how far I had gone in my deal with Keynes to provide a safe financial basis for my proposals'. Reference to the text of the directives, not quoted here, suggests that the Prime Minister had in mind wider considerations than the immediate financial viability of the plan. He was concerned, for one thing, as he put it, not to 'gull' the 'broad masses of the people' by promises of benefits which inflation might render nugatory. As we look back from ten years later, when one-fifth of all retirement pensions and unemployment benefits under 'Beveridge' have to be supplemented out of national assistance, thanks to the fall in the value of money, who can say that he did not have some justification for his sad prescience?

Indeed, the 'mule' may be stupid but its best riders have to be more wary than Lord Beveridge perhaps will allow. In dealing with the publication of the famous report, he says, that he thought the Government might issue it through a well-known commercial publisher of 'books for the million' to 'help bring it to public notice', and still seems faintly puzzled and resentful because they turned this proposal down. It is a small example, but a fair one, of the uncertainties in the author's own political judgment. Yet it has been a very great career. The 'hard-headed young reformer of the practical type' of Beatrice Webb's initial impression has laid his stamp on our time. Over the detailed future of social insurance may hang several question-marks, but none over the conception itself. It has become a national decision and such decisions are seldom reversed.

Coming to manhood when the Victorian political mould was breaking—to be smashed finally by the 'khaki' election of 1918—Lord Beveridge was set free by his lack of party enthusiasm to get on with his proper job of tidying up the post-Victorian social litter, and clothing the ideas of the Webbs and others in legislative form. Then, when the broad notion of the 'basic minimum' had to be hammered into a workable scheme, he became, by his own efforts and the luck of events, the perfect instrument for the task. Of both the man and his work this book is an admirable record.

A History of Flying

By C. A. Gibbs-Smith. Batsford. 21s.

This comprehensive account of the history of flying up to the first world war is a work of importance. It is well written for the general reader, and there is a thorough bibliography for the more serious student. An unusual feature is the interpolation of two 'interludes' of theory, one on 'lighter-than-air craft', and one on 'heavier-than-air flight'. These read surprisingly smoothly, considering that apart from a sketch of a sporting balloon, they are without a single diagram. The rest of the book, on the other hand, is profusely and delightfully illustrated in complete harmony with Mr. Gibbs-Smith's story of this great climax of achievement to an age-long urge of mankind.

There is inevitably a stage in every story of human endeavour at which the records of progress merge into the contemporary. Historians, who deal with the world of 'affairs', worry less about where to start than where to stop. The criterion is the need to establish 'the judgment of history'. Matters must be judged 'in perspec-

tive', and where these are too near our own time the atmosphere for judgment is neither ripe nor right.

The difficulty is, however, less pronounced in the world of scientific achievement to which more and more the later elements of the history of flying belong. The tempo of advance in aerophysics, in aero-mechanics, and in aero-engineering has risen sharply in the past twenty-five years, and there is a definite case for a 'History of Flying' to end much nearer to our day than the first world war. Mr. Gibbs-Smith does, however, whet our appetites with twelve pages of 'Postscript on Yesterday and To-day' to an extent that prompts us to hope for a further volume to bring his fascinating story up to our own time.

Cassell's Encyclopaedia of Literature

Edited by S. H. Steinberg.

Cassell. 2 vols. 42s. each.

One tends to open an encyclopaedia in the same spirit as one enters a modern secondary school, prepared for a certain functional austerity of tiled walls and concrete floors, and with expectations of profit rather than of delight. It should therefore be said at once that this new encyclopaedia has an unusually handsome appearance, and that both print and layout have the effect of disarming the wary reader's suspicions and putting him at his ease. When he begins to read, the same friendly welcome awaits him; indeed, the atmosphere is more like that of a west-end club than of a secondary school. The contributors, it is true, are quite willing to instruct him; but they are not going to overwhelm him with facts, and they are obviously concerned that he should have the benefit of their trained judgment, and obtain a civilised pleasure from their informed comment. We get the impression that the editor of this encyclopaedia has got together a team of the very best amateurs, who are determined to bat with ease and elegance, whether their innings be long or short, and who are not going to worry about their averages.

All this is very English, and very un-American; in its way admirable. The reader of Mr. Terence Spencer's article on criticism, for example, will not find every major critic mentioned, nor any attempt made to bring in the names of minor critics for the mere sake of mentioning them; but he will read a beautifully lucid account of what has been happening in literary criticism from Plato and Aristotle down to the present day. Similarly, if he turns to Canon Fox's contribution, he will find an original and stimulating discussion on 'Humour and Wit', and not a historical account of the critical theory of those two terms. The originality and independence of so many of the articles in this encyclopaedia are, in fact, among its chief merits.

The editor, Mr. S. H. Steinberg, has obviously been at pains to obtain a leading authority for each of the main entries, and often his choice could not be bettered. Sir Harold Idris Bell (Welsh Literature), Professor Myles Dillon (Irish Literature), Mr. E. V. Knox (Nonsense, Clerihew, Limerick), Mr. W. J. Macqueen-Pope (Burlesque, Extravaganza), M. André Maurois (Biography), Professor G. R. Owst (Sermon), Professor Eugène Vinaver (Arthurian Legend) are all a tribute to his editorial judgment, and no doubt to his powers of persuasion. On the other hand, by inviting Dr. Edith Sitwell to contribute the article on poetry, Mr. Steinberg was asking for trouble, and he has got it. Dr. Sitwell alights like a rare and brilliant bird on the school playground, and proceeds to spread

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With *Punch* you learn to expect the unexpected. That, after all, is the commodity of humour. In this issue, for instance, Giovannetti's

indomitable hamster gets in to difficulties with a French horn. And even odder things can happen in *Punch*.

This week Ronald Duncan starts a series, the "Diary of a Tramp", presenting a wholly unconventional picture of country life. Anthony Powell, the regular book critic, reviews the recently published *Diary of Virginia Woolf*. And, among other artists, Anton and ffolkes draw their own individual conclusions about modern life.

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her beautiful tail. While the other more academic fowls are busy picking up grains of fact (even M. Maurois is willing to name individual novels, and to look at the novel in its historical development), Dr. Sitwell just walks around. Her rambling article, about one-fifth of which is devoted to a discussion of the heroic couplet, is overloaded with quotations ('Le Corbusier said...', 'Elegance', said Henri Poincaré...', 'As Goethe said...'), idiosyncratic, inconsequential, and in most respects a model of what an article for an encyclopaedia ought not to be.

It is here that one begins to wonder whether there is not a good deal to be said for the more plodding professional. If the first part of this encyclopaedia is compared with the American *Dictionary of World Literature*, edited by Joseph T. Shipley, it will be found that the American work, if duller and less pleasantly written, is in general more informative and more responsible. The editorial control over contributors was obviously firmer than that exercised by Mr. Steinberg over his, though perhaps fewer of the American contributors showed any uncontrollable tendencies. At all events, the American work is more of a piece, and less of a literary fairground with each contributor performing his individual act in his own booth. No doubt this new encyclopaedia will become a collector's item, if only because it contains a 'first' of Dr. Sitwell, but that was hardly its *raison d'être*.

The biographies which form the second half of Volume I and the whole of Volume II naturally vary in quality, but, being shorter, give less room for idiosyncrasy and none for autobiography. Although they occasionally suggest that the contributor is not writing from first-hand knowledge, they maintain a high standard of relevant comment, and (so far as it has been possible to check them) appear to be accurate and up to date.

Local Records: Their Nature and Care. Edited by L. J. Redstone and F. W. Steer. Bell. 25s.

The real subject of this book is not local records, as the title implies, but local archivists, the keepers of local records. Within the narrow limits of less than 250 pages some forty local archivists have attempted to describe their profession. First of all they outline very briefly the structure of local government in order to show how the archivist fits in to the administrative framework. Then the equipment of his office or repository, his training and his routine duties are described. The archivist has two main tasks which are bound in some degree to conflict with each other. His first duty is to safeguard the historical records of his area; the second to make these records as freely available as possible for consultation by historians and other scholars. Both tasks are discussed in detail. The work of collecting, cleaning, repairing and cataloguing records is related to that of preserving, producing and exhibiting them. After the work of the archivist comes a short description of all the principal classes of records which he is likely to encounter. This second part is the fuller and better, a useful introduction for the historian and researcher as well as for the student of archives.

The profession of local archivist is a new one and a small one. Here nearly a quarter of its whole membership has been called upon to describe what must surely be the common knowledge of them all. If any one of their number had been entrusted with the whole task, he or she must, one supposes, have produced a better proportioned book, with a more complete and

consistent bibliography, and a somewhat less amateurish index. Given, however, that they had to have forty collaborators the editors have done their task well. If some of the early parts are very thinly sketched it may at least be said that nothing is left out, and very little is repeated.

The Wonderful World of Insects

By Albro Gaul. Collancz. 21s.

Modern photography offers remarkable opportunities for presenting small creatures such as insects in normal attitudes pursuing their momentous little affairs in normal fashion. It is no longer excusable to photograph dead specimens. On the contrary, we see, as in this book, studies of insects not merely arrested in movement but in the very act of performing.



A mother moth laying 300 eggs on a leaf
From 'The Wonderful World of Insects'

The advantages of this method of representation need not be stressed. We have only to look at the frontispiece, a rare vision of a dainty white moth in perfect toilette after the tense moments of emergence from the pupa and before the exigencies of life have ruffled one feather of the ravishing plumage. Perhaps some of the photographs would have shown a higher degree of definition had they been reduced. A few have suffered from too strong a light.

The author, an entomologist of wide repute, states that the purport of his book is 'to show what insects do', and 'the great debt which we owe to insects', and finally 'a complete presentation of all the recent trends in insect behaviour'. No claim is made to originality but the whole volume is packed with information not easily available to the general public and is written in an attractive popular style.

In the first four chapters the reader is not shown what insects do, but is initiated into their external form and the functions of the sense organs. After this careful explanation later sub-

jects are more easily assimilated such as—parthenogenesis, aquatic adaptations, interrelationship with plants, insect societies, health and disease, antiquity of the class *Insecta*, and other themes which make entomology a pleasure for all.

Nobody would have the temerity to challenge the figures of awesome estimates which are here quoted, but it may be remarked that the controlling factors always exist. For example, when we are startled by the billions of caterpillars which one generation of hunting wasps is computed to slay, we know that 'nature red in tooth and claw' also works against aggressors. There is always a considerable percentage of wasp cells forsaken or pilfered and casualties among adult wasps as well as their eggs and larvae are inevitable.

Chapter 15 concerns the motive power governing impulses which start off the astonishing series of instinctive actions. Here it is a pity that the author uses the word 'intelligence', which signifies a quality of mind and therefore is not strictly applicable to animals which do not possess the grey matter of the brain. So much of the modern research on this difficult subject needs confirming and testing from every angle that the majority of scientists shrink from committing themselves to definite statements. This author has the courage to set forth his convictions which should be appreciated; at the same time readers must realise that these are personal and not authoritatively accepted.

Poems by John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. Edited by Vivian De Sola Pinto.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 15s.

The first problem that faces the editor of Rochester is to decide which of the works of this 'noted Poet for obscenity and blasphemy' are, by modern standards, printable and which unprintable. Much more formidable, however, is the problem of establishing a reliable text for such poems as the law will allow him to print. Shortly after Rochester's death in 1680, some sixty poems were published under his initials in a pirated edition allegedly printed in Antwerp, but of these nearly a half were falsely fathered upon him by an editor who had at least as much interest in pornography as in poetry. Jacob Tonson's edition of 1691 is unsatisfactory for other reasons; although it was probably authorised by the poet's family, and printed for the first time several of his best poems, it included 'such Pieces only, as may be receiv'd in a virtuous Court', and some of these almost certainly in a bowdlerised form. Manuscript

sources, which include a few poems in the autographs of Rochester and his wife, provide only meagre help towards the determination of the text.

Professor Pinto has chosen to base his text substantially on that of Tonson. This choice, coupled with his publishers' refusal to print two poems, has resulted in an edition which could on moral grounds offend only the squeamish reader. But the scholar may have misgivings on other grounds. In view of Rochester's reputation, Professor Pinto should have given his reasons for preferring Tonson's versions of certain poems to those of the 'Antwerp' edition; moreover, his Notes should have indicated clearly when and why he departed from his copy-texts. These limitations apart, he deserves thanks for the careful way in which he has disembarrassed Rochester of poems which he did not write, and for making available in a handy and pleasant edition those which he is known to have written, together with some that have with probability been ascribed to him.

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The Rochester that emerges from this process of purification is not as great a poet as Professor Pinto claims, but he is an extremely talented poet, always original and always interesting. He is capable of writing love-poems which for tenderness, simplicity and melodious charm bear comparison with the best love-poetry of the seventeenth century; a few lines must suffice to illustrate this side of him:

An Age, in her Embraces past,
Would seem a Winters Day;
Where Life and Light, with envious hast,
Are torn and snatch'd away.

But, oh! how slowly Minutes rowl,
When absent from her Eyes;
That feed my Love, which is my Soul;
It languishes and dyes.

Most of his lyrics, however, are humorously mock-cynical, spiced at times by a vigorous and somewhat bawdy wit; but at least he is witty, very seldom merely obscene.

Rochester is at his most impressive in formal verse-satire; in an age that made this kind of writing peculiarly its own he is excelled only by Dryden and Pope. Like these two poets, he varies the fierce scorn of Juvenal with the urbanity and conversational ease of Horace; and like them he has at his command a powerful and merciless ridicule with which to crush the foolish or vicious members of the social and literary worlds that he frequented. The best of the satires have found their way into anthologies, the celebrated 'Satyr against Mankind', for example, and 'An Allusion to Horace'; but the less well-known demonstrate almost equally well his trenchant wit and the powers of observation that enabled him to portray the perennially recognisable knave or blockhead. Here, from 'A Letter from Artemisa', is the boorish rustic square,

From Pedagogue, and Mother, just set free,
The Heir and Hopes of a great Family;
Who with strong Beer, and Beef, the Country
rules,
And ever since the Conquest, have been Fools;
And now, with careful prospect to maintain
This Character, lest crossing of the Strain
Should mend the Booby-breed, his Friends
provide

A Cousin of his own to be his Bride.

A highly interesting and complex personality emerges from the poems of Rochester—as also from the testimony of his contemporaries and the known facts of his life—and they well repay the study that their inclusion in the Muses' Library at last makes widely possible.

Political Thought in England: Tyndale to Hooker. By Christopher Morris. Oxford. 6s.

This most welcome addition to the Home University Library meets all the requirements of that great series. Mr. Morris, who is Lecturer in History at Cambridge, presents a crisp account of the conflicts of conscience which constitute the story of the Reformation in England. He has incorporated sufficient economic and constitutional history to render his treatment of his theme realistic. The sixteenth century was a rapacious age and yet writers like More, Tyndale, and Hooker found ready audiences. Legalism was strong and respect for the past was often a powerful motive, or restraint. This book sets the Tudor age in true historical perspective.

Professor E. M. W. Tillyard, in his important studies of Elizabethan literature, notably in his *Elizabethan World Picture*, drew attention to the medieval character of much of the assumptions of the day. Mr. Morris adopts the same point of view. He discovers in his sources a reverence for the medieval belief in an ordered universe and in the existence of a rational purpose for all ranks and institutions. Government existed

not in its own right but was subservient to an external law. The rise of the nation-state, the rejection of papal authority and the consolidation of the dynasty did not terminate the search for the appropriate external law to which a prince was subject. Just as each member of society had his due place and duty in regard to those of higher rank, so the king himself had a due place and duty. He was owed obedience but he in turn owed an obligation to act in a moral way and in good conscience. Society was a moral institution, not the fortuitous outcome of power. An age which was circumscribed by these assumptions was backward-looking. But the author stresses the consequence of this continuity. 'The Reformation', he writes, 'lifted English politics on to a higher plane'. Political struggles 'were not solely for place—but for rival conceptions of human character and purpose'.

Fear of anarchy encouraged royal authority. 'It is better', said Tyndale in 1528, 'to suffer one tyrant than many, and to suffer wrong of one than of every man'. It was a time when Europe experienced the crucial alliance between Luther and the German princes. Luther's violent attitude towards the revolt of the peasants indicated the likely results of the new authority. The problem of defining the limits of authority was pressing. The traditional doctrine of a 'mixed monarchy', most clearly expressed in Fortescue's *The Governance of England* in the second half of the fifteenth century, could not survive the emergence of the masterful Tudors or the protests which they aroused from the left and from the right. To say that the English monarchy was both limited and absolute was not enough. An intellectual and moral justification was urgently needed for the monarchy.

The protagonists of the doctrine of non-resistance foreshadowed the claims of divine right made in the next century. Much in the work of Filmer may be found in Gardiner's *De Vera Obedientia* which was written in 1536, or in the writing of Richard Morison. On the other side and in the reign of Elizabeth, were the Puritans and the Roman Catholics. They appealed away from the monarch. Many assumptions of later generations had their origin in the individualism of the Protestant sects of this time. In their search for the true limits of authority and the proper basis for the right to disobey, they turned to their interpretation of the Gospels, to their conscience, or to their 'inner light'. It was the greatness of Hooker that in answering the protests from the left, he offered a justification for the Elizabethan settlement in Church and State which amounted to a consistent and comprehensive theory of the universe and of society. His *Lawes of Ecclesiastical Polity*, notably in its enunciation of instinct, reason and consent as the pillars on which respect for law rests, bestrides the ages and links the Schoolmen with Locke.

Lord Northcliffe. By A. P. Ryan. Collins 'Brief Lives'. 7s. 6d.

Since his death in 1922, there have been several books about Lord Northcliffe, all of them stamped with the writing style which he approved for his newspapers and consequently doomed to little more than passing attention. Mr. Ryan is the first writer of a book on Northcliffe to ignore a somewhat abject tradition, which has tended to produce a worm's-eye view of its subject.

As in previous books, Northcliffe has eluded this latest attempt to define him in terms of biographical precision. Mr. Ryan's short study is of an influence rather than of a man. In that sense he has been successful within the strict limits imposed on him. His Northcliffe is a commanding figure for whom success proliferated in so many directions at once that he could not

keep pace with his own genius and was destroyed by it. Northcliffe himself said, in an anguished outburst, that he had created a Frankenstein. Almost everything that he touched, particularly and unfortunately in his early days, seemed fated to succeed. An acquisitiveness sharpened by his memories of a father who could not provide for his family of eleven and by the consequent humiliations of his mother, for whom he had a lifelong adoring affection, was joined to an uncanny insight into public tastes. Before he was thirty money was coming to him at the rate of £80,000 a year. He had struck not one gold mine but several gold mines.

From *Answers* he went on to the *Evening News* and the *Daily Mail* and thence to *The Times*, snatching it from the peril of an alien proprietorship which might have damaged more than the reputation of a newspaper. After that, moving into the political scene, his stance was less assured, his judgment put to tests in which he more often faltered. His American war mission in 1917 was a solid contribution to the Allied cause and the Kaiser denounced him as a major enemy of the German people whose fibre was mortally weakened by his propaganda against them.

There are small errors of fact in Mr. Ryan's pungent 'brief life'. Northcliffe's time at Coventry was less than a year, not three years, and he was not financed in his first publishing venture by a retired naval officer in the fur trade, as Mr. Ryan states. The full truth about so extraordinary a career cannot be contained in so small a compass. When it is told we are likely to get a fascinating biography and a notable addition to the history of our times.

Our National Ill Health Service

By Sir Sheldon F. Dudley. Watts. 15s.

The author of this hard-hitting, boisterous and yet good natured book contends that 'out of the extra £400 million of the tax-payer's money which has been voted for the National Health Service more than 95 per cent. is spent on the unhealthy and less than 5 per cent. on preserving the health of the healthy'. Whether this estimate be correct or not, it is quite true that we are spending far more money on remedies for ill-health than on preventive medicine, and that the general level of health is unlikely to be raised by the recent Health Act. Sir Sheldon Dudley is inclined to attribute much to the fact that the politicians went to the consultants of Harley Street for advice instead of to the true experts in preventive medicine, the Medical Officers of Health. But the truth is that far more is known about the negative condition of ill-health than about the positive condition of health and, this being the case, our Health Acts are always likely to turn into Ill-Health Acts. So little are we interested in positive health that we allowed the only experiment on this subject started at Peckham by a few public spirited medical men to come to an end, a few years ago, through lack of financial backing.

The author also contends that in the past the civil authorities learnt a great deal about hygiene and preventive medicine from the Fighting Services, and he is strongly of the opinion that the experiences of the Navy and the Army on these subjects would be of value to the politicians now. The Admiral wields his cudgel also in support of the W.H.O., the work of which is, in his opinion, being severely crippled by the 'lawyers, Civil Servants and Politicians' who boss that excellent organisation.

This is a pleasant, knock-about book through the pages of which salty breezes blow from the sea. Even the belaboured politicians and the people whom the Admiral calls 'pompous extroverts' should read it.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Panorama

EARLIER THIS YEAR I was invited by a cultural organisation with world-wide activities to write a report on B.B.C. documentary television. After considerable labour I was forced to the conclusion that what was required of me was a feat of word-spinning which could result only in embarrassment. The gist of the matter can be stated in something under the 30,000 words suggested. Indeed, I will venture it in a sentence: 'The genius which gave us television has so far not reproduced itself in the programmes'.

That in due time it may do so is a debating topic of continuing professional interest. I happen to be optimistic. I think that the transforming talent will arise and that the mediocrity which blights much present television practice will vanish like any other disease of infancy as the organism gains strength with experience.

Meanwhile, I for one had expectations from 'Panorama', which has set out with commendable boldness to provide 'a fortnightly reflection of the contemporary scene'. The contemporary scene is bedevilled by the thinking with the nerves which is a sign of social instability. 'Panorama' certainly reflected that, jerking us from topic to topic, from Pavlovian indoctrination to coal, books, and pictures, with a mental and spiritual abandon which in the end became almost amusing. Offhand, I do not remember a programme that has made me feel so anxious, so concerned about the capacity of its structure to stand the first-night strain. Which may go to show that I, too, think with the nerves.

The difficulty is that the producer, Andrew Miller Jones, has not decided what kind of a magazine his 'Panorama' is to be, whether a television version of the old lamented *Strand* or *Horizon*, also lamented but not by so many people, or whether it is to model itself on the picture weeklies with their self-consciously belligerent forays into social realities. The coal interrogatory part of 'Panorama' might have been translated direct from any newspaper

feature page. Not that the idea of putting a National Coal Board official in the 'dock' was either original or particularly effective. This trick of 'arraigning' the experts as if they owe society expiation as well as explanation has been over-played on television. I was surprised that the able and sensitive producer in this instance succumbed to that banality. It was he, by the way, who gave us the 'Matters of Life and Death' and 'Matters of Medicine' programmes which did a good deal to raise documentary television in public esteem. His medical psychologist in 'Panorama' was thoroughly instructive on the subject of communist indoctrination techniques. With Edgar Sanders to illustrate it from unpleasant personal experience, it was the best feature of the programme.

Here I pass to an aspect of television which has not been studied as much as it deserves, the distorting power of the cameras. 'Panorama' startled me by showing that the damage can be more than skin deep. I knew the face of Pat Murphy, the Fleet Street hidalgo who is the 'Panorama' *compère*, but I did not recognise his personality. By some psychic legerdemain it was rendered on my screen as a compound of Chaliapin and Mr. Micawber and that is not the Murphy I know. A television actor of experience tells me that actresses of his acquaintance will not entrust their faces to television because of the disturbing tricks it can play with looks. 'Mirror, mirror, tell me truly . . . It is not I, it is not I!' Placed at dinner next to a politician fairly often seen on our screens, I had to confess: 'I know your voice perfectly well but not your face'. The wonder is that so many faces, so many personalities come through to us faithfully and intact. Aspirants to television fame will be quick to seize also the inference that embellishment and improvement may be implicit in the same magical possibility.

'Panorama', then, was the outstanding documentary programme of the week and I am hopeful that the series will provide occasion for repeating that comment. My television diary reminds me that there was also 'Twin Sister, Twin Brother', the latest of the 'Science in the Making' programmes and a considerable view-

ing novelty in that it brought before us a remarkable collection of human twins, identical and otherwise, including the cricketer Bedders. Alec—or was it Eric?—disclosed that because of their twinning they were allowed to join the R.A.F. together and to stay together during their period of service. The specialist in charge of the programme, Dr. Waterhouse, had a refreshingly not-too-earnest manner, while leaving us in no doubt of his competence to discuss a fascinating biological manifestation. A small addition to the novelty came at the end, when the deftly fluent Bronowski for once mislaid the thread of his talk and seemed as surprised by the phenomenon as we were.

The latest 'About Britain' instalment summoned our attention to Oxford, displayed in a variety of pictures ranging from crumbling stone to swallowing a barium meal, with praiseworthy tries at catching the spirit of place in tutorial episodes and lingering shots of college lawns. I enjoyed it, without in the least being weakened in my opinion that the series, this programme included, has lacked the touch of distinction which its opportunities merit.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Fish and Circuses

MOLIÈRE, THOU SHOULDEST be living at this hour: England hath need of thee! Who, for instance, but Molière could deal so well with the strange reaction of B.B.C. television to the news that it is to have a rival at last? I suppose it is a mere accident of timing that to the outside world the publication of the White Paper should seem to precipitate one of those nervous crises which afflict the jilted and cause them to come forth strangely attired or wearing fancy dress. Before these words appear we shall have had our strange Elizabethan day of television and probably choked ourselves with madrigals, capons, and mead. As an experiment it may have proved very enjoyable: or embarrassing.

Meanwhile, I enjoyed the excerpt from Billy Smart's circus more than anything else this



In 'About Britain' on November 13, the television cameras visited Oxford: Richard Dimbleby with students at a coffee party in Lady Margaret Hall



'Twin Sister, Twin Brother' on November 9: Dr. J. Bronowski with Alec and Eric Bedser, Michael and Brian Smith, and Patricia and Ann Woolley



'Lady Frederick' on November 10, with Marjorie Stewart as Lady Frederick Berolles and Michael Meacham as the Marquis of Mereston

week: the horses were so fine, the clowns so funny, the chimpanzees so human and distinguished looking, and the yells of the children assembled so heart-warming, that one almost forgot the technical excellence of it: though someone ought to get special credit for catching so well the plunging excitement of the 'liberty' horses. Noises of childish grief from the nursery also attracted my attention, to Rhoda Power's 'The Man of Joy', which seemed an odd sort of name for a play that was stirring up all this lilliputian distress. A second edition showed it for a version of 'The Juggler of Notre Dame' and the tears of the young had been tears of self-indulgent pity at so touching a tale. The generations vary about such things: when we wanted a good cry—as all children do—we used to lock ourselves in the bathroom and sing hymns, pretending to be going down in a shipwreck. But a modern child turns on the 'tele' and beholds the humble tumbler and the gracious lady of the holy statue working a 'Miracle' once more. I am not saying this was the most impressive version of a legend best capitalised by Anatole France, but it was evidently effective for the childish viewer.

After circuses and puerilia, let us turn to 'Britannia of Billingsgate', of which there will be a second performance on November 19. Sewell Stokes and Christine Jope-Slade had a real idea there for a good kitchen comedy: larger than life and less probable, but in the theatre, vivacious enough. It dates from the days when such a story was somehow fresher: a fish porter's homely 'missus' getting a job in 'the pictures' and big money, with the disasters and jokes that big money always brings—it was a natural front-page modern Cinderella story, and the popularity of the piece, which still lasts, is very easy to understand. It was produced by Dennis Vance with confidence; but it was none too well acted and looked as if a good deal of rewriting, rethinking, and distribution might have been a wise preliminary. As protagonist, Vi Stevens was excellent: but a lot of the rest of the acting

was out of scale. By that I mean that while, in a small theatre on a week's tour, it is quite proper to give your audience a knock every time you enter or open your mouth, and quite in order to get your laughs by any means short of breaking your neck, a more co-operative and gentle style of comedy is expected before the unwinking and unsmiling camera lens. Much of the minor acting here was like that of British films in the bad old days of quota 'quickies', minus the benefit of a ruthless pruning in the cutting room. Perhaps by the second performance . . .

It was interesting to note the differences of quality between the direction by Julian Amyes (with Ian Atkins producing) of two plays (now getting rather far away from us in time). One was 'Golden Boy', to which I referred briefly last week; the other was a play specially chosen for November 11 called 'The 23rd Mission' by Lionel Shapiro (of 'The Bridge'). The same team in each case: and a play of about the same status; and yet, an effect utterly different, because one was a B.B.C. telerecording (in other words a filmed and canned version of the play), while the Odets piece was a live repeat. I have seldom been so struck by the difference. Technicians and connoisseurs claim that such

until you compared them with the camera work. Then at the end among the credit titles one read 'Choreography: Spontaneous'! The days for spontaneity in handling television cameras are not yet come.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Fire and Slaughter

WE HAVE BEEN having a brisk time with murder and arson. First, a puzzle-play. These can be under-valued. If a dramatist keeps us sharpshooting hopefully until the twelfth hour, and if he can animate his characters instead of setting up 'skittle-range', then he deserves more than a bleak nod: a run-away-now gesture implying that the listener has condescended too long and must return to Kierkegaard. There were moments in 'The Grayling Case' (Home) when it appeared that Norman Wright—basing his piece on a Raymond Postgate novel—had got outside the stencil-formula and had regard for his people as human beings. Unhappily, the play diminished at the last to the usual eeny-meeny-miney-mo with four or five suspects. With one of these ('Dear me, of course, yes') the authors were hardly fair; but the solution was, I suppose, as plausible as we could have expected.

The trouble here, we felt, was a pull-devil, pull-baker struggle in the mind of a writer anxious to produce something beyond a blunt-instrument play and never quite getting there. Still, it was notable that nobody used a blunt instrument: the victim, not at all a nice type, fell to a mustard-gas attack. Everyone disliked him: everyone wanted the money he was carrying. The familiar pattern? More or less; but we found with pleasure that the dramatist, meandering with a mazy motion, had taken time off to repeat the tale of the haunted Trianon and (this would have pleased the shade of O. Henry's 'gentle grafter') to dab in a quick sketch of a swindler's



'Britannia of Billingsgate' on November 15, with Lana Morris as Pansy Bolton and Vi Stevens in the title-role

a difference is also manifest in the field of sound radio and, to be sure, when the needle sticks in the groove or the current goes wrong and causes the pitch to vary, we are all aware of it. But generally few people would be able to tell you whether a 'Twenty Questions' was 'live' (I mean, of course, technically live) or recorded.

'The 23rd Mission', however, seemed so shadowy, at times even so diaphanous, that I suspected some defect in my screen (it was no such thing). Again the whole rhythm and movement of the play looked odd, jerky, or drugged. Does this always happen in 'telerecordings' as opposed to live performances? Because, if so, then the advantage of prebottled drama is a dubious one. Mr. Shapiro's play was not without its naiveties, but was superior, and genuinely felt. 'Golden Boy', a much overwritten play by today's standards, nevertheless came out well, and belated congratulations are to be handed round. The excerpt from a current attraction in the folklore stakes called 'Braziliana' struck me as unrewarding. The dancing and singing seemed rather haphazard,



'The 23rd Mission', with Keith Pyott as Père Jacques and Macdonald Parke as Jamieson

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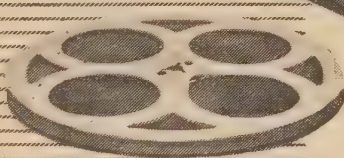
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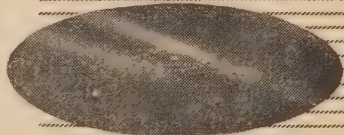


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A warning to the new reader

DURING the last few months, some 10,000 readers have changed to the Manchester Guardian. This is agreeable to us, and encouraging. But are we in danger of becoming a 'successful' newspaper, with all the failings that this word implies?

We hope not, and we think not. These new readers must take us as they find us. They are intelligent people. They will hardly expect the Manchester Guardian to dance to their tune, or to tremble lest occasionally a point of view conflicts with theirs. The Manchester Guardian is an outspoken newspaper, which takes its mission seriously (although never solemnly!)

A newspaper is an important influence in the life of the regular reader. Let that newspaper, then, be the best that, in this fallible world, fallible men can produce. The Manchester Guardian can make no higher claim than that it does its best to respect the truth, the English language, and the reader. You may find that this is exactly what you want.

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working methods. Although I remained unsure of one or two things—the Vicar's account of a railway journey, for example—the plot, on first hearing, was well oiled, and the cast, with Mr. Wright to produce, slid along easily. We think now of Grizelda Hervey, the murdered man's widow; Wyndham Milligan (in the Home Guard), and Brian Haines as Holly, a detective who clung like an ivy-root until his job was done.

Arson next. Continuing our course of Strindberg, we have had another of the 'chamber plays', Max Faber's version of 'Burnt Out' (Third). A house has been burned; the dramatist lets us dig in the ruins, divine from the ashes. The building had stood in what the district called 'Mud Street' because its people, distrustful and malicious, were always 'slinging mud at each other'. With a Mud Street man, back after many years, as a kind of cross-examiner, Strindberg contrives to compress the detail of several lives into ninety minutes. An old book, a dining-room table: salvaged bits-and-pieces become suddenly significant during a play in which the ruins themselves seem to speak as the Stranger, exploring, probing, rakes the ashes. It is all, very reasonably, acrid in taste, but it makes excellent radio: Frederick Bradnum's production and Richard Williams (as the Traveller among the wreckage) helped it along.

So to the doom of Dolores. Hollywood satire has now become matter-of-course. I have decided, perversely, that the place must in fact be mellow, decorous, gently academic, its only diversions the odd lecture on Roman law or on the economic policy of early Tibet. But authors continue to pound us remorselessly. Hollywood, they say, is a grandiose fantasy (no doubt it is; we tire of hearing it). I began by listening dutifully to 'Dolores—A Star Goes West' (Light). The terrain was familiar. Dolly Conklin from Hoxton must become the glamorous Dolores Conchita (guaranteed Spanish). Still, she was Dora Bryan, with Miss Plum's gasping voice; we were prepared to go forward with her, and there were rewards in Harry Shepherd's crazy-week script which ended with the best type of grand-super funeral: Dolores, as somebody said, stays in mind as the only actress who became a Big Star without appearing in a single shot from a single picture. Thanks to Miss Bryan, her colleagues, and the producer (Charles Lefeaux), this was a less exhausting trip to Hollywood than many we have known. Now, for a change, let us have radio's view of Intellectual Hollywood, its snug coffee-parties, its midnight debates on Schopenhauer and Eliot (special reference to Mrs. Guzzard of Teddington), and its film treatment of the work of Boethius.

We may get it in 'Take It From Here' (Light), in which 'Professor' Jimmy Edwards, realising with his special prickly unctuousness that the business has started again; Dick Bentley, as fluent as ever; and the lugubrious Wallas Eaton (in the guise of "Disgusted", Tunbridge Wells), have returned to educate us. It is better to take this first instalment as a training canter, a preliminary warming-up (for the authors rather than the artists who are ready for anything that comes). And we can hardly judge 'Life with the Lyons', also back (Light), by the quality of some of its first jests: 'Pleasure cruise, eh?'—'No, I had the wife with me'. Elsewhere, the new serial, 'Clayhanger' (Home) seems to have already the happy patina of the Five Towns; we shall wait happily for more.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

That is the Question

LAST WEEK and the week before I listened to 'The Critics' and last week and a fortnight before to 'Any Questions?' and found these venerable bodies still in excellent form, or so it

seemed to me; for the ticklish question always arises, how much is this impression due to their own liveliness and intelligence and how much to mine? This delicate point is more difficult to settle in the case of 'The Critics' because 'Any Questions' takes place in the presence of an audience whose reactions are loudly transmitted over the air, whereas 'The Critics' sit *in camera* so that the listener is compelled to trust to his own opinion. Well, why not? Even the least informed of us is free to air his views. 'I know nothing about it', he says, 'but I know what I like'. But does he, and does even his more perceptive brother? For, say what you like, even the most learned and impartial critic is human and, as such, subject to the whims of his body; and I have noticed, when I have listened to 'The Critics' on a comparatively empty stomach of a Sunday morning, that my response to their ruminations has been a trifle tetchy. On Tuesdays, on the contrary, at the eupeptic hour of three, my judgment, though still sufficiently discriminating, is mellow.

It was in this postprandial mood that I listened to 'The Critics' on the third of this month—'Art', R. Furneaux Jordan; 'Books', Alan Pryce-Jones; 'Films', Freda Bruce Lockhart; 'Theatre', Eric Keown; 'Radio', Michael Ayrton; conducted by Sir Gerald Barry—and on the tenth when Eric Keown was replaced by Ivor Brown. All of these are as good critics, in their various ways, as I ever heard on this programme, and made, besides, an excellent team, which does not follow if the individuals fail, for some reason, to blend.

I am still aware of a jolt when each critic launches into his set-piece and so interrupts the easy flow of conversation by what is sometimes too evidently a piece of writing, but it may be that some critics might feel hampered if asked to express their critical report in pseudo-spontaneous talk. However this may be, the jolt, with these two teams, was not violent enough to damage seriously my impression that I was eavesdropping on six friends engrossed in lively and intelligent conversation, an impression which was reinforced by Sir Gerald Barry's conception of his functions, which is that he is the leader of the orchestra and not the conductor, aloof and superior at his desk. Last week's session was adorned by some brilliant flourishes, as when Alan Pryce-Jones defined the book under discussion—Nadine Gordimer's *The Lying Days*—as a long short story written by Virginia Woolf for *The New Yorker*, and when Ivor Brown, in discussing 'Witness for the Prosecution', Agatha Christie's new play, called her 'the most lavish blood-donor of our time'. In short, these two samples of 'The Critics' showed them at their very best.

In 'Any Questions?', as I have said, the critic is helped in forming his estimate of its success by its audible effect on its spectators. Does this mean that the critic is not to trust exclusively to his own judgment, not to state his private opinion of the audience's questions and the team's answers? To some extent, I think, it does. For if he has heard across the cold air the warm hum of excitement and felt the vibration of concentrated attention, then, whether he likes it or not, the occasion has been a success, and the fact that he has sat royally unamused, found the questions idiotic and disapproved of many of the answers, means simply that he is not the man for the job: he is criticising the programme from the wrong angle. Only a misanthrope can remain impervious to the sounds of communal enjoyment, and a misanthrope is hardly likely to be a good critic.

The earlier of these two sessions was at Parkstone and I have seldom if ever heard a more cheerful one. Most of the questions were of the lighter kind and the team rose (or sank) to the occasion with an irresistible flippancy which pro-

duced formidable explosions of laughter. In Bristol last week the mood was different. The team was faced with serious questions on social and political problems which they discussed with a fullness and occasionally an asperity which gave the audience a variety of conflicting views to choose from. Here and there I found this more educative than entertaining, but the large gathering was unmistakably appreciative and the event was once again a resounding success.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Revivals

DURING THE PAST FORTNIGHT we have been able to pick up some stitches inevitably dropped from our knitting during the throch of Coronation week. There was Rubbra's 'Ode to the Queen', composed for the occasion to a commission from the B.B.C.; there was Rossini's 'Elisabetta' performed on the eve of the Coronation, when preoccupation with the problem of getting there on the morrow must have greatly reduced the potential audience; and there was Walton's 'Te Deum', sung in Westminster Abbey at the end of the ceremony when most listeners were, perhaps, too exhausted by the long splendours of sound (and sight) to pay full attention to the new composition as a work of art.

The 'Te Deum' made, I remember, a splendid effect in the Abbey. But, viewed in the cold light of concert-performance, it seemed, as a composition, to lack coherence. The antiphonies of choir and orchestra and organ did not flow into one another and build up into a consistent musical structure. It sounded 'bitty'. Perhaps this was due to a fault in the performance which seemed to me greatly to exaggerate the contrasts of the alternations of loud and soft. Verdi used to write three or four *p's* when he wanted a real *piano*, because in his day the conductors and players would not pay attention to any less emphatic marking. Nowadays conductors tend to reduce tone to a bare whisper on the slightest provocation, so that composers might be advised not to mark anything they wish to be properly audible, below *mp*.

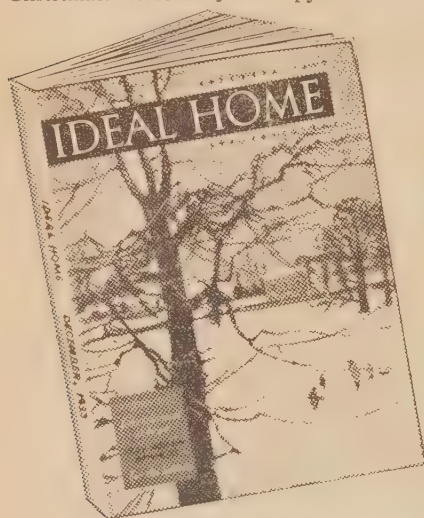
Rubbra's 'Ode' is a setting for voice and orchestra of three aptly chosen poems, whose discovery argues well reading on the composer's part, since they are by no means commonplaces. It seemed to me, despite a rather insecure performance on the singer's part, to be more than an 'occasional' piece. Rubbra has enveloped the voice in an orchestral texture unusually rich in colour for him, and he certainly has not spared the singer, who might echo Elizabeth von Herzogenberg's protest to Brahms: 'Why are you so cruel, turning women into oboes or violins?' But, then, the difficulties in 'Geistliche Sehnsucht' do not prevent the song from being a beautiful masterpiece: they are a challenge to the singer to overcome them.

I expected to enjoy Rossini's opera for its vocal melody: I was surprised to find myself impressed by its musical grandeur. In spite of the palpably silly libretto—silly, that is, to us who are accustomed to entirely different dramatic conventions—and in spite of certain passages which are familiar to us in a different context, the music is often astonishingly powerful. Elizabeth herself develops real stature as a character and the tender Mathilde is skilfully used to throw her into relief. The scenes between Leicester and Norfolk are also admirably dramatic, for Rossini had overcome the disadvantages of having to compose these scenes for two tenors. Naturally he would have preferred a bass for the villainous Norfolk, if only for the sake of contrast. The duet for the Queen and Mathilde was so delicious that one wanted to cry '*Bis! bis!*' Paeliuchi (Mathilde) sang superbly throughout and after an uncertain start, Maria Vitale, as Elizabeth,

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matched her excellence. The four tenors, led by Giuseppe Campora, all sang well.

It occurs to me that, when the opera is repeated on Boxing Day, it might be well to omit the overture. We know it as the overture to 'The Barber of Seville', to which, though it does not belong to that opera, its sprightly manner is far more appropriate. Anyway, its associations put us in a wrong mood for what is to come. The actual opening of the first act is so powerfully dramatic that it is a pity that anything should be allowed to detract from its effect.

It was good to hear Lennox Berkeley's Symphony again after so long, too long, an interval. It is extraordinary that this fine work should be so neglected, and it is, perhaps, a misfortune.

For the composer has certainly not been encouraged to follow it up, as he should have done, with a second or third symphony. Berkeley's is civilised music, finely wrought and sensitive. It does not aspire to deliver any message, but to present to us his particular vision of beauty. The score, which has been published in an admirably printed pocket edition by Messrs. Chester, is a model of economy. It calls for only modest resources and there is not a note too much. No contemporary English composer understands better Bizet's precept about letting air in between the various parts in an orchestral score.

Other revivals were of Holst's 'Hymn of Jesus' and Honegger's 'King David'. Holst's

ecstatic vision was wonderfully well realised in the performance directed by Sargent, thanks to the B.B.C. Choral Society's accurate attack and intonation. The work seems to have grown in stature with the passing years and has acquired the magnitude and splendour of some Byzantine mosaic, at once impassive and tense with devotion. 'King David', on the other hand, seems to have shrivelled. At least in a broadcast, and despite Dame Edith Evans' presence as narrator, it did not hold the interest, and, from the point of view of this column, the contribution of the music is too fragmentary and incidental. Even the Witch of Endor did not inspire Honegger to any extended musical composition.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Richard Arnell and 'Lord Byron'

By SCOTT GODDARD

Arnell's 'Lord Byron' will be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. on Wednesday, November 25 (Home), and 9.0 p.m. on Thursday, November 26 (Third)

RICHARD ARNELL was an unknown quantity when he returned to this country after representing the B.B.C. in an advisory capacity in New York during the recent war. We had heard rumours, chiefly connected with Sir Thomas Beecham's advocacy of his music in America at that time. But of the music itself we were completely ignorant, and since the reports, shorn of the excessive glamour that always invests travellers' tales, were sufficiently intelligent to be credible, we were naturally tantalised. Sir Thomas Beecham has more recently encouraged Arnell by commissioning a work from him. This is the symphonic portrait 'Lord Byron'. It was begun in 1951, performed at the Festival Hall under Beecham in the following year, and bears the opus number 67. To have reached that figure at the age of thirty-five is a feat that has attracted considerable comment.

When 'Lord Byron' was first heard in London, at a concert of the Royal Philharmonic Society, the audience was fairly adequately prepared, at least as regards the style of writing and the intellectual quality of the music about to be heard. In broadcasts and at concerts a small amount of Arnell's work had already been heard, sufficient at any rate for acquaintanceship though not for full knowledge. His music, we said, is by turns bold, muscular, angular, and on the other hand visionary, mystical, lyrical. We knew he could produce a good array of ideas and develop them with considerable technical skill.

What we were not so well prepared for was the character of 'Lord Byron—a symphonic portrait'. A cursory glance at the announcement led one to expect drama and the stormy interplay of personalities, which to a great extent we got; also we may have expected to be presented with an offspring of Strauss' 'Don Juan', legitimate or otherwise, or perhaps one of the family of Berlioz' 'Harold in Italy', none of which was discoverable. Those were fortunate who had time and took the opportunity to read the composer's note in the programme. 'It was in May 1951 that I first thought of this idea—an attempt to create, in music, the illusion of a real character, rather than one chosen from myth or literature—not another "Don Juan" but a portrait of the poet himself'. A few lines further on Arnell becomes more explicit still. 'It is', he writes, 'as if I had said to myself, "Suppose I had had a dream and dreamt that I was Byron; what would I have dreamt?" When I had chosen this as a technique, I divided the work into episodes, roughly in chronological order. . . . Then, after the music was sketched, I chose poems which,

to me, seemed to illustrate what I had done'. Such a helpful explanatory attitude is rare among composers.

Those poems he mentions are 'The Dream' which is attached to the first section of the work. 'Childe Harold' is drawn upon for the second section, called 'Newstead'. The 'Epistle to Augusta' illustrates the third section which bears her name and is also tacked on to 'Success and Disgrace', which is the title of the fourth section. By exception the fifth division of the tone-poem, 'Voyage', is not given an accompanying poem. The sixth, entitled 'Serenade', is connected with lines from 'Don Juan'. The seventh, 'Battles', is connected with 'The sword, the banner and the field, Glory and Greece around me I see' from 'On this day I complete my thirty-sixth year'. The Epilogue is supported by lines from 'Childe Harold'.

It will be noticed that these explanatory quotations were chosen late. Precisely why these or indeed any poems were chosen, either for the private vindication of the composer's scheme or for the clearer illumination of it *vis-à-vis* his audience, is not apparent since the music had already been sketched. Nevertheless we are grateful. Inside information as to the workings of a composer's mind is always immeasurably valuable. We are in fact being handled gently by a composer willing to agree that there are times when music alone cannot be expected to take us to the core of his problem. So he sets up these sign-posts to guide us through the maze and aid our initiation into its secrets. Once that is done, the music of 'Lord Byron' is quickly understandable. The Prelude sets the stage with a succession of themes and thematic units, most of them to appear again in succeeding movements: the forceful, rising phrase which is the first of them; then a slower, less heated, but warmer melody (violas) and a vaulting outline for solo violin. These are not so much, if indeed at all, portrayals of people as of the varying moods of the dreamer haunted by Byron. As the most significant parts of the musical perspective they unify the work, bringing the outrageous, tender, courageous, frivolous elements in Byron into one scheme, a single span of artistic construction.

Richard Arnell was thirty-four when he began this work. He is nearly contemporary with Benjamin Britten, who is four years his senior, and Fricker, who is three years younger. With neither of those composers does his music seem to have any affinities of manner, still less of method. He is at once more abundant—should one say Byronic?—and less variable, perhaps less versatile; though it is full early to suggest that

in his case. With each of them he shares one significant responsibility and burden, a superabundant facility. His Third Symphony, which in its original form lasted over an hour of playing time, was written in eighteen months during a period when he was presumably engaged on other matters than his own creative work. This fluency may be hearsay, more apparent than real. At all events, fluency of itself is no criterion of value either way. No one so far has drained into a measuring glass the sweat from the skin of an artist in the throes of creation. And even were that done the result would provide no data as to quality, nothing that might make it reasonable to deduce superficiality as a necessary concomitant of facility or to suggest that if a given composer were less facile, if he curbed his fluency and took more thought, therefore his work would gain in profundity. It might lose that very quality. And so the fluency of the young may not be held against them.

Nevertheless there is in some of Arnell's work a sense of prodigality allowed too great freedom. He seems to have realised that. The revised version of the large Third Symphony has had a good ten minutes taken out of its system, with the result that it now compels more attention than it did formerly, as one realised on hearing it at this year's Cheltenham Festival. Prodigality had been tamed and prolixity curbed. What remained was still large, though not, as it first sounded, sprawling. At least one was still listening, not merely hearing, at the end. Arnell appears to have given up the exploration of huge expanses and to be content once more, as in the First Symphony for comparatively small orchestra (1943) and the 'Sinfonia quasi Variazioni' (1941), with working to reasonable dimensions. The Fourth Symphony (1948) suggests that his mind is now intent on less lavish schemes, and 'Lord Byron', for all the romanticism inherent in the subject and Arnell's dramatic, at times melodramatic, treatment, is clearly drawn and, as far as any musical counterpart of such a dream could be, it is succinct.

It is early to prophesy. Studying the single-movement Violin Concerto (1952) one sees signs of a still more taut and concise style of composition. This looks a transparently clear work. The writing is forthright, there is no waste matter, the music progresses logically from the introductory *andante*, through the *allegro* which takes up the main body of the work, on to the final *vivace*. There is a lively intellect at work there. Arnell's control over musical material has never been more successfully displayed.

*The
pleasure
is mutual*

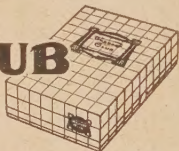


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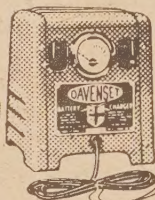
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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

MUSHROOMS ALL THE YEAR

UNLESS YOU CAN pick them in the fields, mushrooms are never cheap. In fact, when they are scarce, I have often decided that my household budget would not stand the strain. But now I am able to have them all the year round by a very simple method of preserving them. Choose fair-sized specimens and wipe them with a dry cloth. Peel off the skin and lay the mushrooms in a cool oven on sheets of paper to dry, when they will shrivel considerably. Keep them in paper bags, hanging in a dry place. When wanted for use put into cold gravy, bring them gradually to simmer and they will regain very nearly their natural size. Alternatively, they can be bottled, of course. Thorough washing is essential, and they should then be packed into bottles layer by layer and sprinkled with salt, but no water added. They are put into the steriliser and boiled for one hour, after which time the mushrooms will be found to have shrunk in their own juice. The bottles are then taken out and filled up from one another, put back and sterilised for a further 1½ hours.

I also find it useful to have powdered mushrooms for flavouring. To ½ peck of mushrooms you will need 2 onions, 12 cloves, ½ oz. of powdered mace, and 2 teaspoons of white pepper. Peel the mushrooms, wipe them perfectly free from grit and reject any which are worm-eaten. Put them in a stewpan with the other ingredients but without water; shake them constantly until all the liquor is dried up but be careful not to let them burn. Arrange them on tins, dry them in a slow oven, pound to a fine powder, put into small, dry bottles and cork well. Seal the corks and keep in a dry place. If you follow these directions the powder will keep well and if added to gravy, say, just before serving it merely requires to be boiled up.

When using fresh mushrooms I never peel them but I always wash them well, of course.

I also cook the stalks because even though they may be too tough to serve they all add to the flavour of the dish.

Here is a recipe to keep by you if you bottle mushrooms when plentiful. Strain the liquor from a pint bottle of mushrooms and add to it sufficient stock to make up rather more than ½ pint. Fry 1 oz. of butter and 1 oz. of flour together until well browned, add the mushroom liquor and stir the mixture until it boils. Season to taste, add 1 tablespoon of sherry, put in the mushrooms and, when quite hot, serve as an accompaniment to broiled chicken, steak, etc. They may also be arranged on hot buttered toast and served as a savoury.

FRANCES VAUGHAN

BATTER FOR FRYING

There are two golden rules that are common to all batters: first, they must be mixed very smoothly and lightly. In mixing they should never become so stiff that they are elastic in texture. You must keep adding enough liquid as you beat to prevent this happening. Secondly, to my mind, there is no doubt that for the best results batters must be allowed to stand, say, for two hours, for in standing the starch grains in the flour swell, and this makes for lightness.

A good frying batter is made from 4 oz. of flour, 1 tablespoon of oil, 1 gill of tepid water, and a pinch of salt. These ingredients are mixed smoothly, beaten well, and allowed to stand. Then, immediately before using, the stiffly whisked whites of 2 eggs should be folded in very lightly with a metal spoon.

Frying batter is always a thick batter, but for coating things like fish or vegetables it should be slightly thinner than for fritters. For a fish batter, a little lemon juice improves it, and for sweet dishes a little sugar and flavouring such as lemon or orange juice (or the grated rind of either) vanilla, and so on. It is an excellent idea

to keep a couple of vanilla pods in a jar of sugar and use this sugar for a vanilla flavour.

ANN HARDY

Those who remember Isabelle Vischer's talks on cookery reproduced in THE LISTENER just over a year ago will find them published—among much else—in her book *Now to the Banquet* (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.). Lady Vischer who has travelled extensively in Europe and Africa possesses a wide knowledge of differing cuisines; she writes entertainingly and with enthusiasm on the pleasures of the table, and her book, which contains a large number of unusual recipes drawn from many countries, may be commended for its general liveliness and interest as well as for its value to those who enjoy the preparation and consumption of good food.

Notes on Contributors

J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER (page 839): Director, Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton, since 1947; Chairman, General Advisory Committee to the Atomic Energy Commission; Director, Los Alamos Laboratory, New Mexico, 1943-45; Professor of Physics, University of California, 1933-47.

GEOFFREY WILSON (page 841): an Assistant Secretary in the Treasury; formerly first Director of the Colombo Plan Technical Co-operation Scheme.

TERENCE PRITTE (page 843): Manchester Guardian correspondent in Germany.

ARTHUR BRYANT (page 851): author of *The Age of Elegance*, *Samuel Pepys*, *The Years of Peril*, and many other historical books.

SIR LEWIS NAMIER (page 853): Professor of Modern History, Manchester University, since 1931; author of *In the Nazi Era*; *Europe in Decay*, 1936-40; *Diplomatic Prelude*, 1938-39, etc.

W. A. MARTIN (page 866): a Director of Christie's.

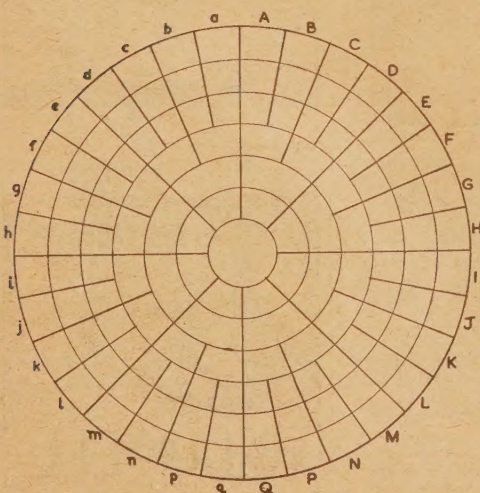
Crossword No. 1,229.

Synograms.

By Umber

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively.

Closing date: First post on Thursday, November 26



The lights are radii of the circle reading from the circumference to the centre O (i.e., A to O: m to O).

The clues are anagrams of synonyms of the lights.

Except in one instance, no same two letters appear in adjacent squares on either side or above or below.

CLUES

- A. Neat nitre
- B. Name
- C. Withier
- D. Serpent miser
- E. Spruce tee
- F. Hurt Alan Peers (2 words)
- G. Agree
- H. Corelist
- I. 'Has no Jew on' (3 words)
- J. Range tune sold (2 words)
- K. I lay no paper (2 words)
- L. Tot can nest
- M. Topery
- N. Trap ten
- P. Master
- Q. Sold us her part (2 words)
- a. Drag rides
- b. Guana leg
- c. Singed
- d. Sound baiter
- e. Grandi
- f. Gone to sue here
- g. Tape wiper (2 words)

- h. Ann Toser
- i. Baster
- j. Mallet blots (2 words)
- k. Torn name
- l. These
- m. Best road
- n. Crow roved
- p. Stares
- q. Ram stew

Solution of No. 1,227

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X

NOTES

Across: 1. felicitous. 2. allegation. 3. scientific. 4. preclusive. 5. abominated. 6. conclusive. 7. abstemious. 8. consistent. 9. travellers. 10. matchmaker.
Down: 1. decreasing. 2. glittering. 3. promenaded. 4. masquerade. 5. astronomer. 6. congregate. 7. tragically. 8. catalogues. 9. comparable. 10. admonished.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: H. V. Hughes (Liverpool, 18); 2nd prize: D. H. Appleby (Grimsby); 3rd prize: F. E. Dixon (Dublin).

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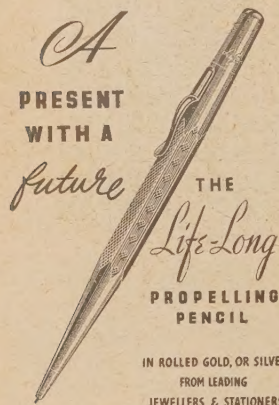
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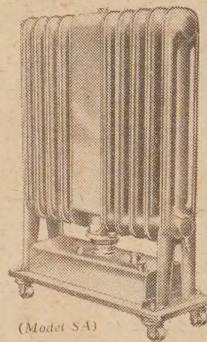
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